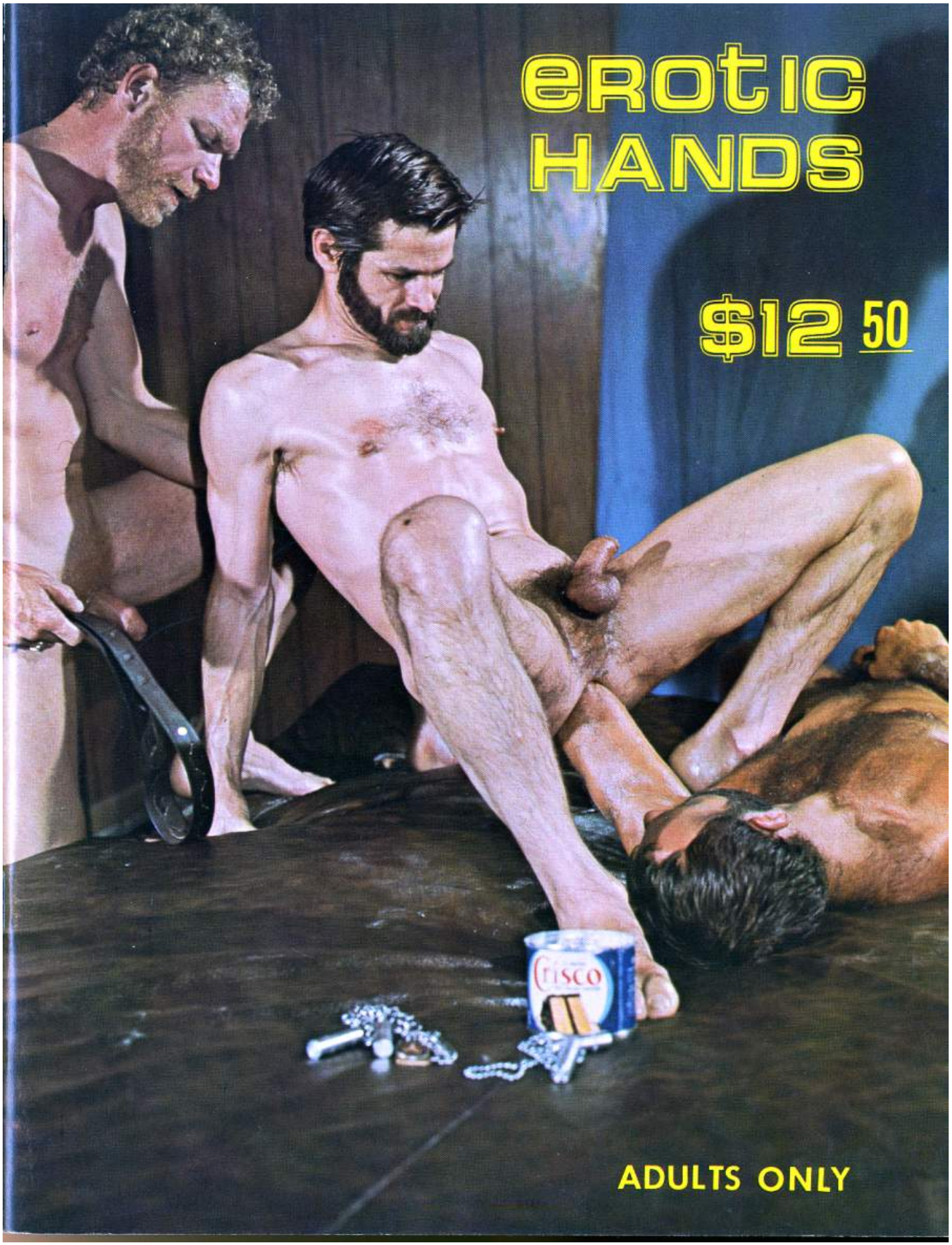

EROTIC
HANDS
$12 50
CRISCO
ADULTS ONLY

CALIFORNIA

EROTIC HANDS

I met carrot-top Joby Walker six months ago, and we have been asshole buddies ever since – a perfect, all-male love-match except for each of us wanting action that neither one knew how to give out with, or where to find anybody that did.

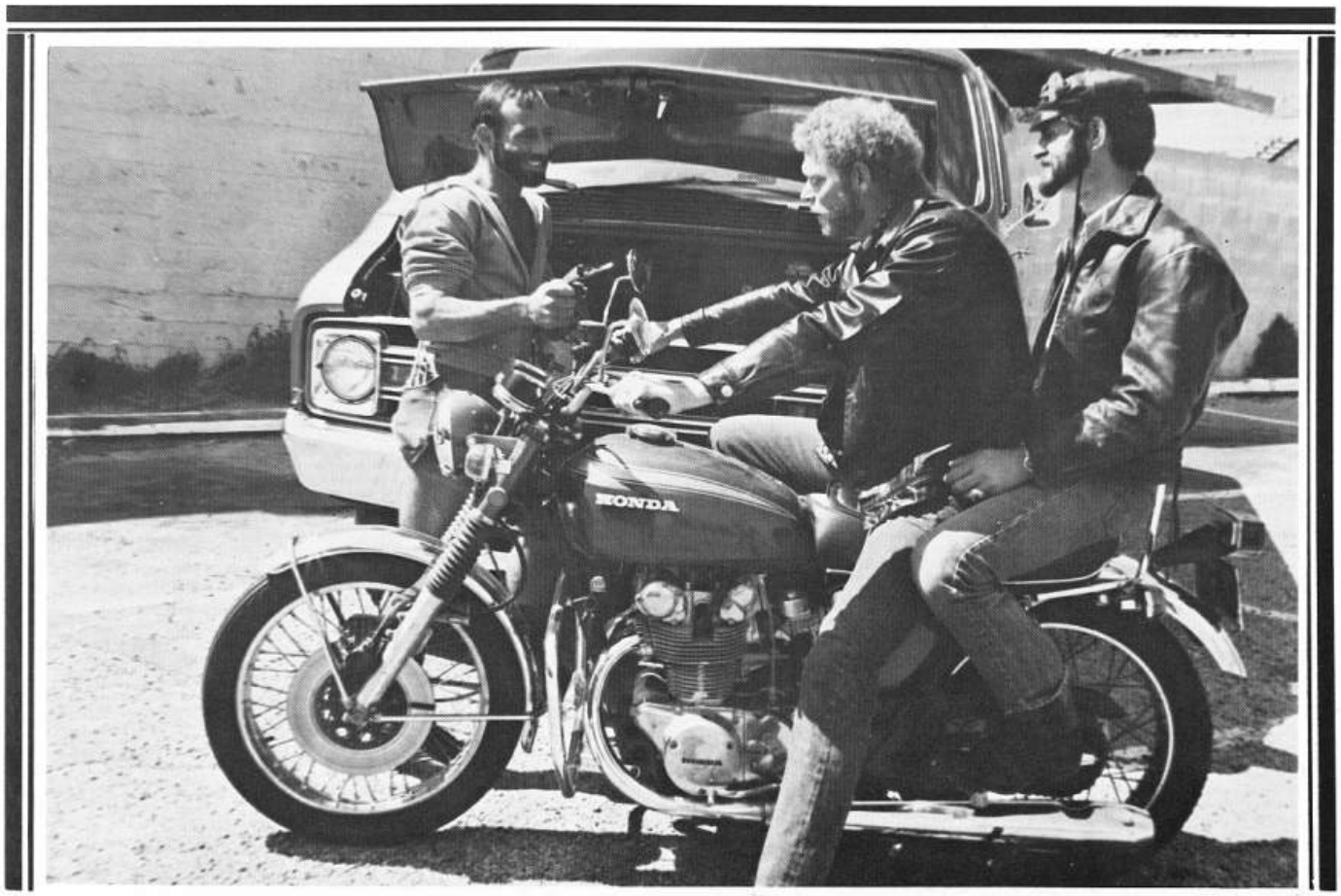
Not that Jody'd ever had a fist gently up his ass before – he had. He'd had an asshole buddy in Nam who took care of Joby that way nearly every night. This stud could put his hand inside Joby's rear end past the wrist! They'd had matching tattoos put on their ass-cheeks. But one day Joby's buddy got that arm and half his face blown off, and Joby was one mean and morose mother-fucker for a long time afterwards.

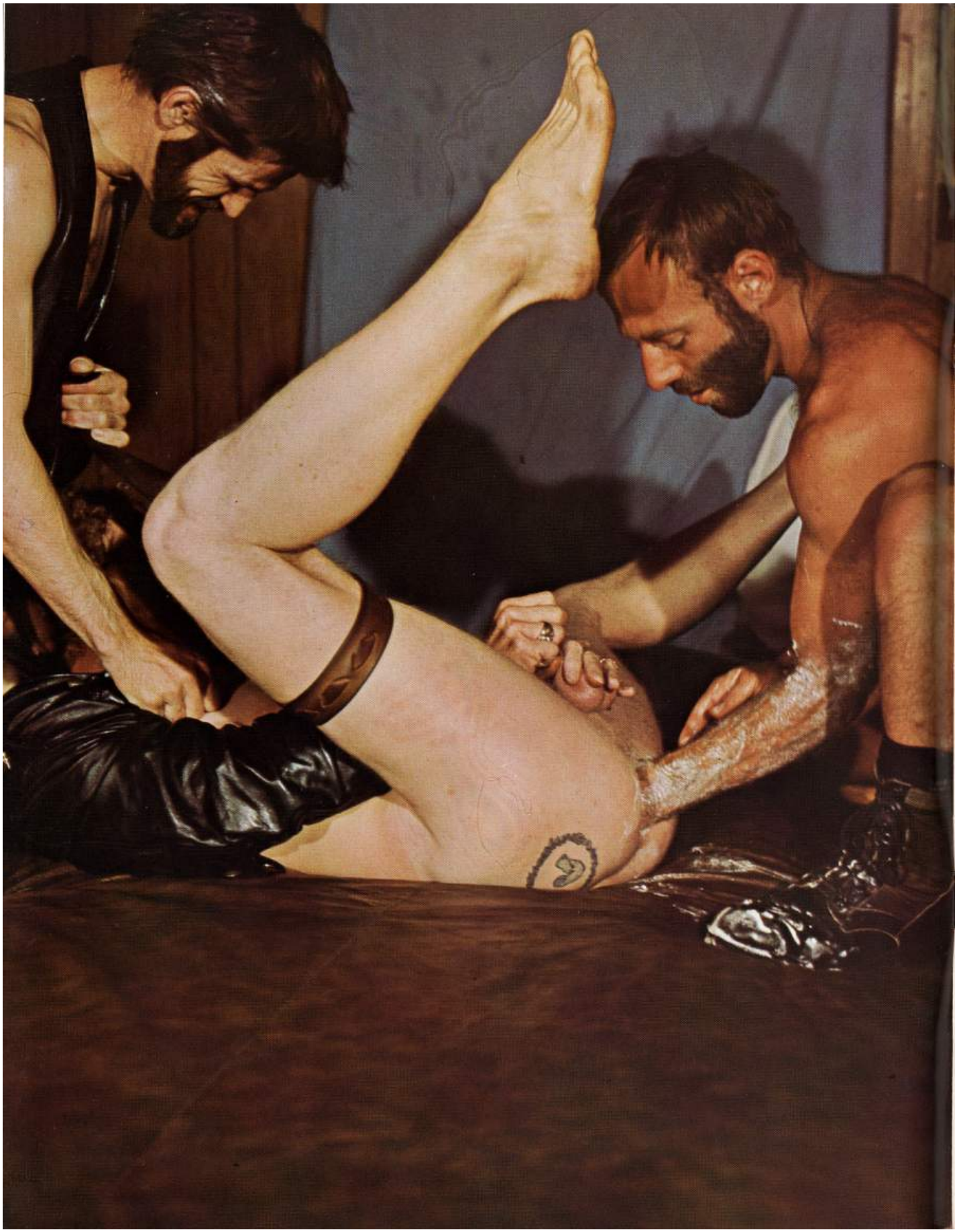
It seems ironic that Joby and I met at a bike bar that was like fist-fucker's heaven, and neither one of us knew it. Ironic that we were wearing f-f costume without knowing it – I guess our instincts took care of that. Ironic that nobody'd picked us up before Kurt – and even with him we had to make the opening gambit.

I'd been hot for men's hands ever since the time the hands of a man jerked me harshly but lovingly out of my mother's womb and into life. In all my desires and fantasies, I've not been able to imagine any way of reaching emotional pinacle of life, or of joyously departing it other than by being roughly and intimately handled by the hands of a man.

As a kid I noticed mens' hands more than their faces or their clothes. Whether a carpentre's thick-muscled, hairy hands, a pianists' tapered and splayed fingers, an old fisherman's gnarled paws or the delicate but clearly male hands of my first male teacher. I always found them intensely erotic and wanted them in intimate contact with me.

I was six when – my mother pulling me along the sidewalk – I overheard a burly ditch-digger threaten to shove his fist down another man's throat. I was dizzy with wishing he'd do it to me. It became a persistent fantasy, half nightmare, half wish-dream, and I began to stare at men who had their fists clenched, to imagine fists shoved, slowly, brutally, either in anger or in love, deep into my gullet. One time I'd see myself writhing in fatal strang-





ulation. Another time I'd imagine that by some science-fictional injection or device, I'd be able to open my throat and swallow a man's arm clear up to the shoulder, so I could feel his fingers inside my prick.

That was just one dream. There's endless ways of being used by men's hands, and night and day, I'd dream of being fondled, pummeled, torn at, choked, pinched, soothed, hugged — by all kinds of men's hands. At first this centered on my face, later mostly around the neck and on my privates.

I wasn't sick, in case you're thinking all this sounds freaky. I had no real wish to die. I was healthy mentally and physically, OK in school & good at sports, with always some kind of job to save-up for the motorcycle I'd wanted from the time I was 12. These were just exciting fantasies. I was nine the first time I persuaded a man to actually put his hands on my then tiny pecker.

You can imagine how I reacted the first time I heard someone mention getting a fist shoved up his ass! The thought had never occured to me before but it seemed like the most compelling idea in the world, and I remembered how often my rectum had tightened up before and I'd had that gut-ful feeling at the sight of strong hands on a handsome man...

From highschool on, I kept try- to get sex partners to finger-fuck me..... I didn't believe much more that that was possible – not if I wanted to live through it – even though some of their cocks were as big as their fists, and I'd taken cock with no trouble at all..... But somehow they never seemed to get in the spirit, like they were afraid they'd get shit on their fingers, or that they'd hurt me.

In my fantasies, I could take or leave getting hurt. I often died in these daydreams – in ecstatic agony.

But the first time it happened — and I hadn't asked for it in so many words, or expected it – was with a husky young bricklayer with a corn-silk stubble growing over the back of his hands and forearms.

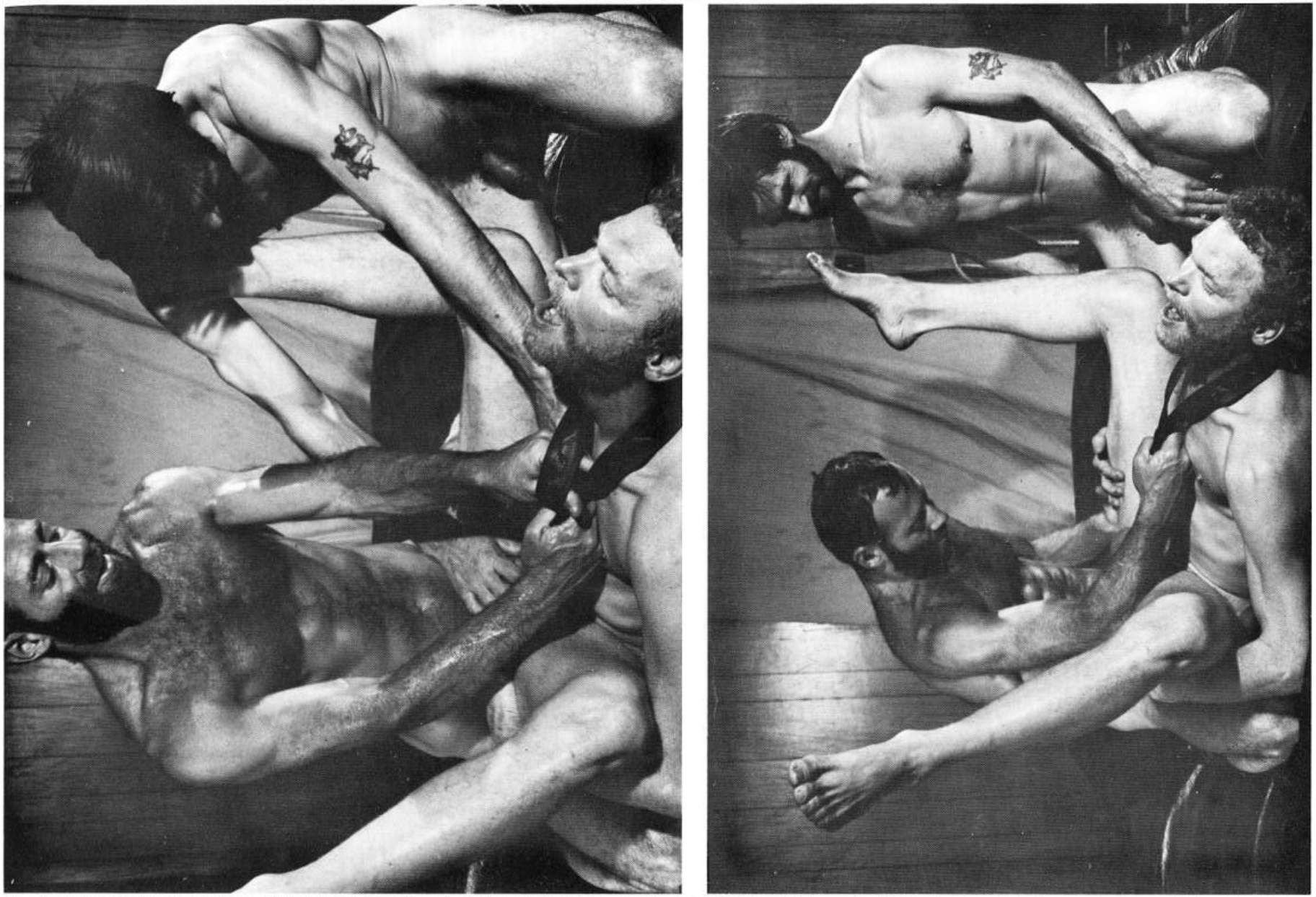
I didn't exactly say or think, "I want you to fist-fuck me." But I sure made love more to his hands than to him, and he liked that. He took my ass by force – though I didn't withhold it – turned me up and shoved his thick, stubby prod into me with just spit for lubricant. I was holding his hands then, holding them lovingly, until he withdrew one hand and slipped two rough, tobacco tasting fingers into my mouth.

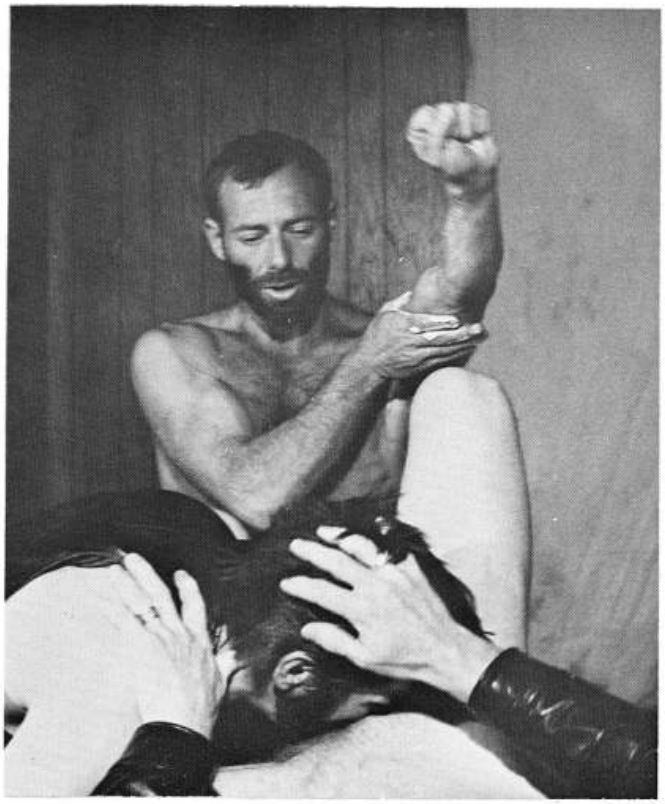
My asshole had just started to loosen up and lose the pain of his rough entry. His jabbing into my mouth was no more gentle. Then I saw that look of dsicovery in his eyes. He'd figured out what I really wanted, and I could tell I was about to get something I'd never had before.

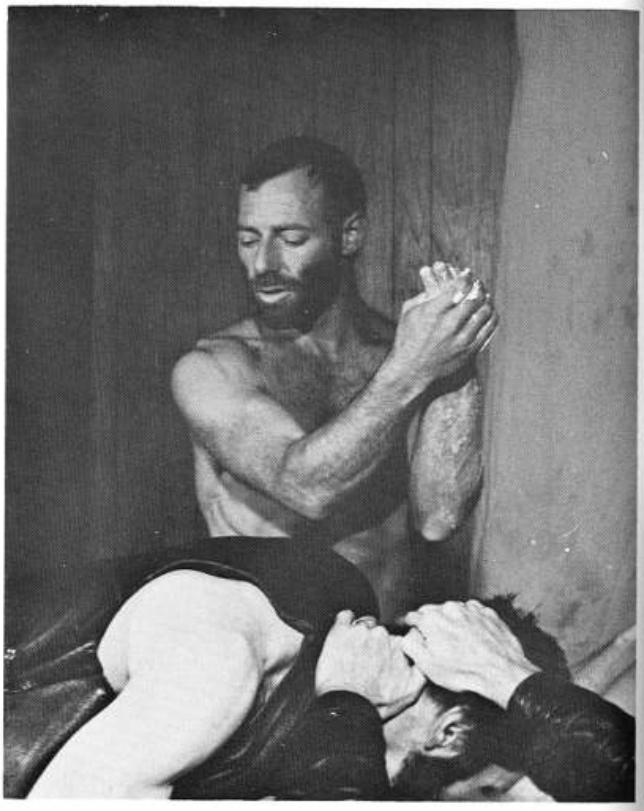
His cock still inside me, he reached his right hand down and shoved the index finger, wet from my mouth, up into my rectum alongside his prick. He jabbed three fingers of his left hand into my mouth, forcing them deep. He smiled at my look of sublime discomfort and gave my mouth its first good finger-fucking. I'd sucked men's fingers plenty of times, but none of them'd gone in and hand-fucked my mouth, like they meant it.

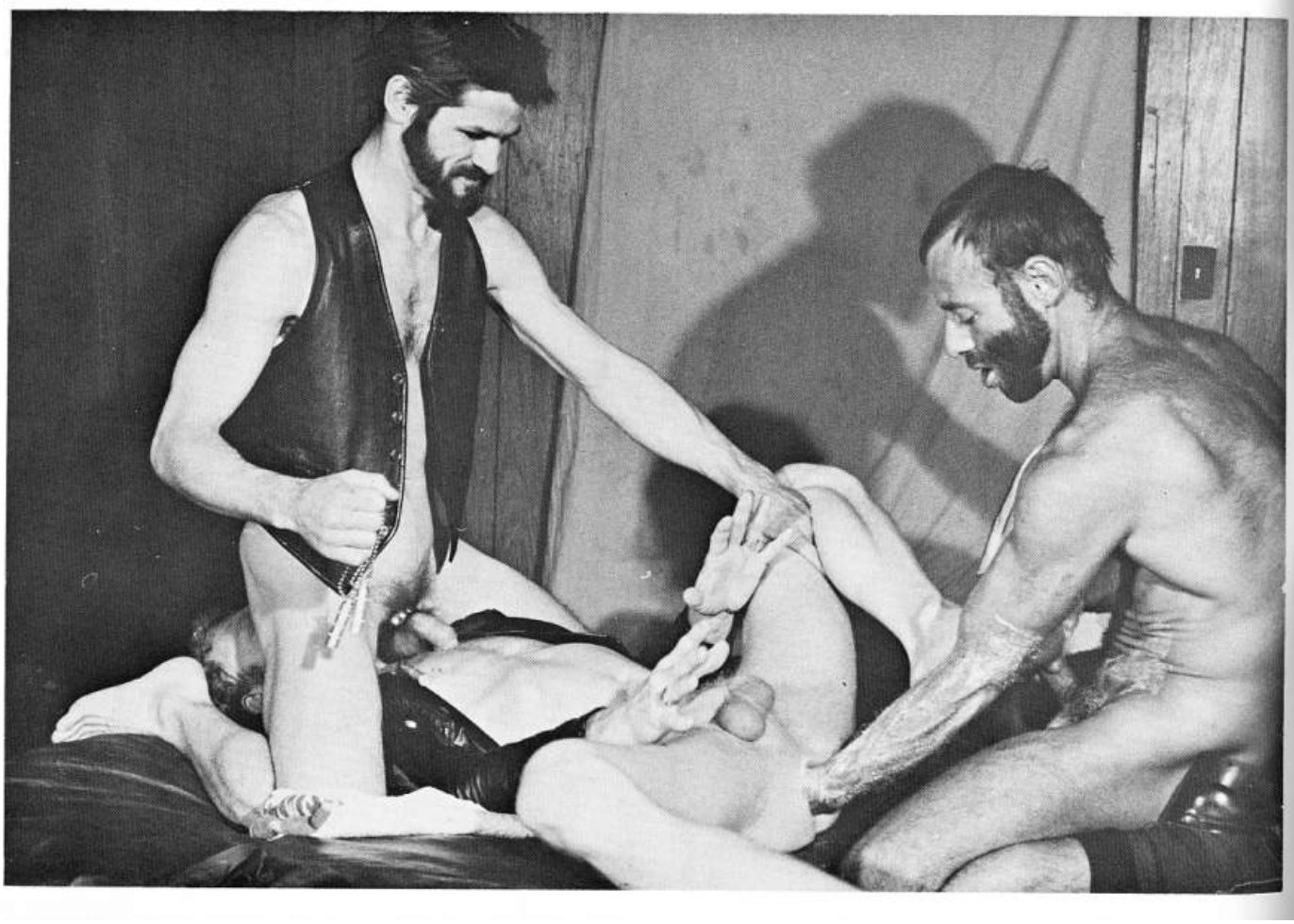
Then that hand was also at my asshole, another index finger thrust in beside his prick, both his fingers were in with a contrary motion to his cock jabbings, stretching my anus wider, like he was tearing it open.

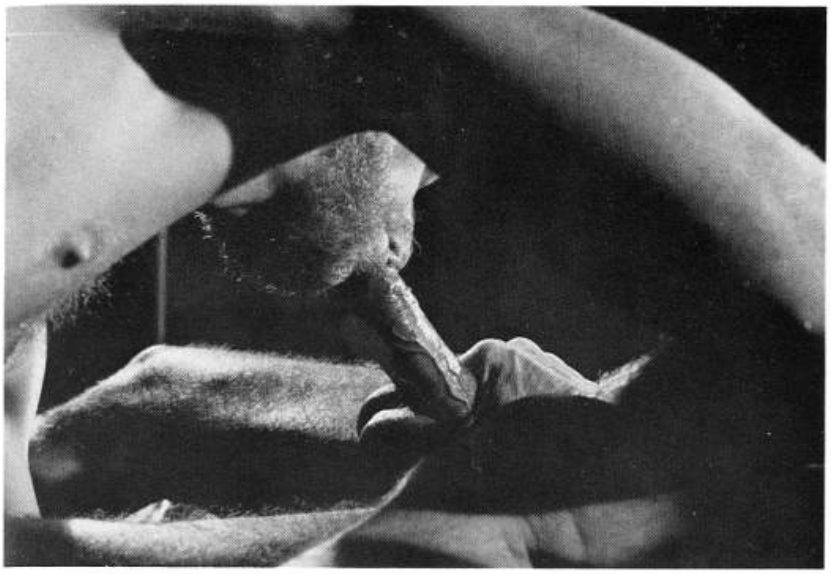
He was snarling, laughing, threatening to rip my hole open so I'd be as loose as a cunt, and me vibrating with excitement – it hurt but I loved it. So did he until he pulled one hand out shitty, and that turned him off so that the next time I made it with him, all he would do was let him suck me off, and that got to be a drag.











It was Joby that noticed the FFA–LA on Kurt's license plate, and asked if that meant future farmers of America, and Kurt came right out with what the letters really meant, then he added, grinning that we looked like an ill-matched pair, lovers really but both receivers with nobody to give....

Sounding as timid as a schoolgril who'd just seen a mouse, I asked if he was a receiver or a giver.

He gave us a hard, challenging look, doubled up his right fist, and laid a finger on his bicepts. "I give, shitbirds. All the way up to here. And I like taking two studs on at the same time."

We were like putty in his deft hands after that. He led us around to the back of the place where he had his car parked, and we were puppets fondling him, stripping his clothes off, waiting for him to break us in. He pumped us, and decided that since Joby had a bit of fist-fucking before, while my fantasies ran a lot deeper, Joby should get it first. He promised me that the very first time he'd put about as much arm inside me as anybody could take and live.

The Crisco suprised me, and at first its particular messiness turned me off some, but as we got it all over us, odorless and mixed with our sweat, it was a real cool feeling. The poppers didn't hurt at all, either.

I rolled Joby onto his back with his legs up while Kurt greased his own arms from the fingertips to above his elbows, doing it with all the flair of a chef serving a super-fancy dish to celebrity customers.

That was about as far as Jody and me had gone, finger fucking one another while we rolled around in hot embrace... It was really damned good, but both of us wanted more. So we were ready for Kurt Baron, really ready.

Now you don't get all that fascinated with men's hands, as Jody and I both were, without learning to appreaciate some of the other finer features, and Kurt had his finest features showing – barely covered by worn shorts that he was about to burst out of – when we cycled up to where he seemed to be having car trouble.

I mean his rump and his bare legs were the best damned advertisement I'd ever seen, and we nearly fell off our wheel skidding to a stop out of natural chivalrous desire to be of assisstance.

My heart nearly stopped when Kurt looked up (Joby said his did too) and I think I knew right threr that this hunky beauty wasn't having any car trouble at all – just his way of cruising. I also knew in my bones the moment I saw his brawny arms, and those powerful hands, that here was what Joby and I'd been looking for all our lives ——— and that this baby was going to give it to us like we couldn't believe it could be given.

I was holding onto Joby as though I were protecting his very life, when Kurt cupped the greased fingers of his right hand, pressed the fingertips slowly, two fingers at first, then threee, then all four into Joby's bunghole. Joby wasn't tight, he knew how to relax his muscles, and it took just a couple of minutes for Kurt, going real slow and smooth, very sure of himself, very gentle, to rotate his hand and ease his fingers and the flat of his hand all the way in. It was like I could feel it inside myself! I nearly passed out from watching it, from feeling Joby's reactions telegraphed up to hsi whole body, both of us trembling, both of us pouring sweat . . . his hand was all the way inside Joby except for the thumb, and Joby was moaning real crazy. Kurt moved his hand around some more inside, like he was loosening things up, withdrew a little and cupped his thumb inside his fingers.

Then he jabbed. A quick motion, but very controlled. And Joby's aphincter was big and greasy around Kurt's wrist. My eyes were popping out, and my own sphincter was vibrating like a tuning fork that's been whacked by a king-sized hammer. I hadn't paid much attention earlier when Kurt had fitted cockrings on each of us, but now my prick was feeling things it'd never felt before, and the cockring was a very important part of the feeling, damming things up to heighten the sensations, to draw them out.

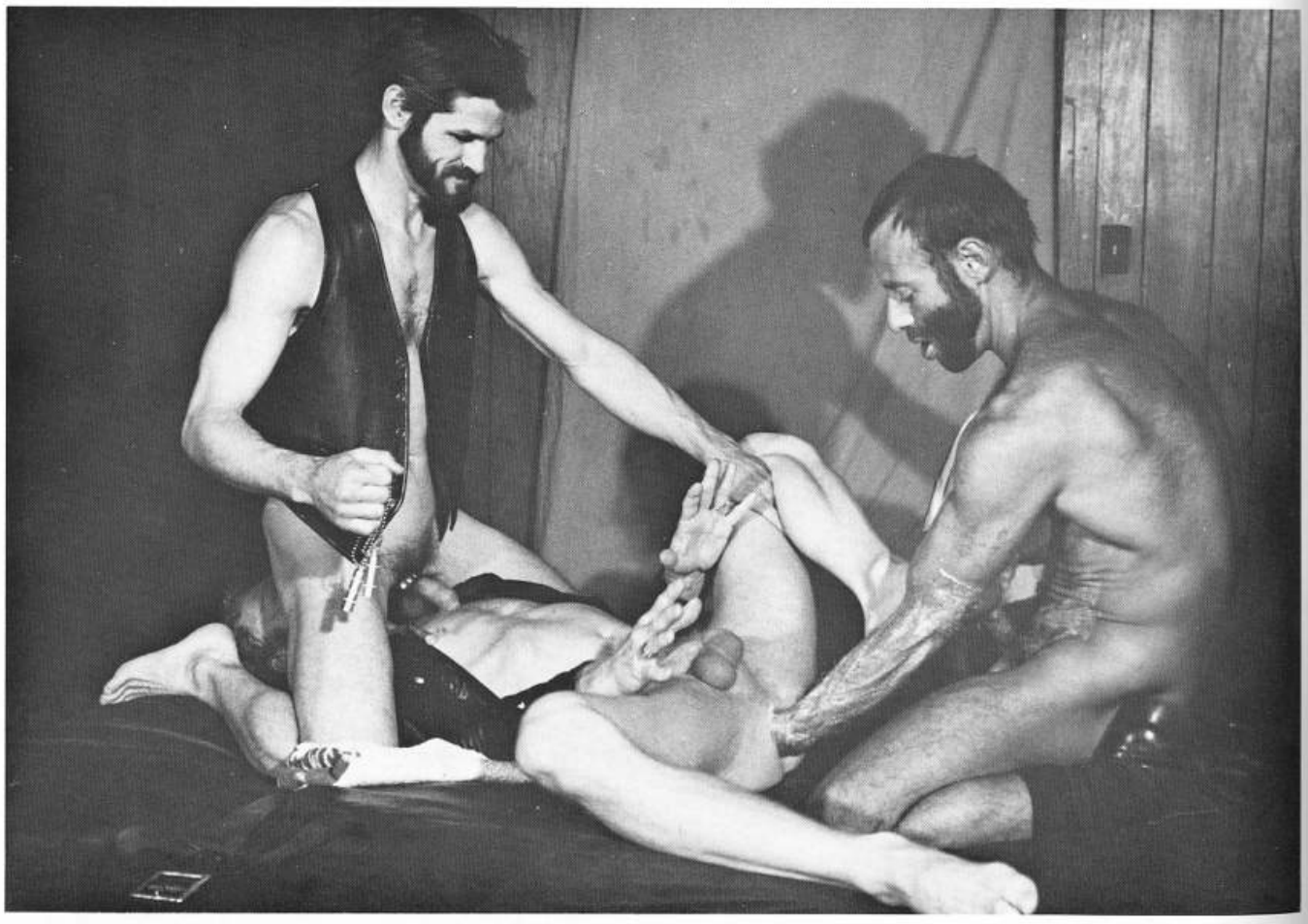
heaven, but I was worried about him, afraid it'd hurt him, seriously. But I knew that even if it did hurt him, it wouldn't stop me from offering my assend to Kurt's manual thrust.

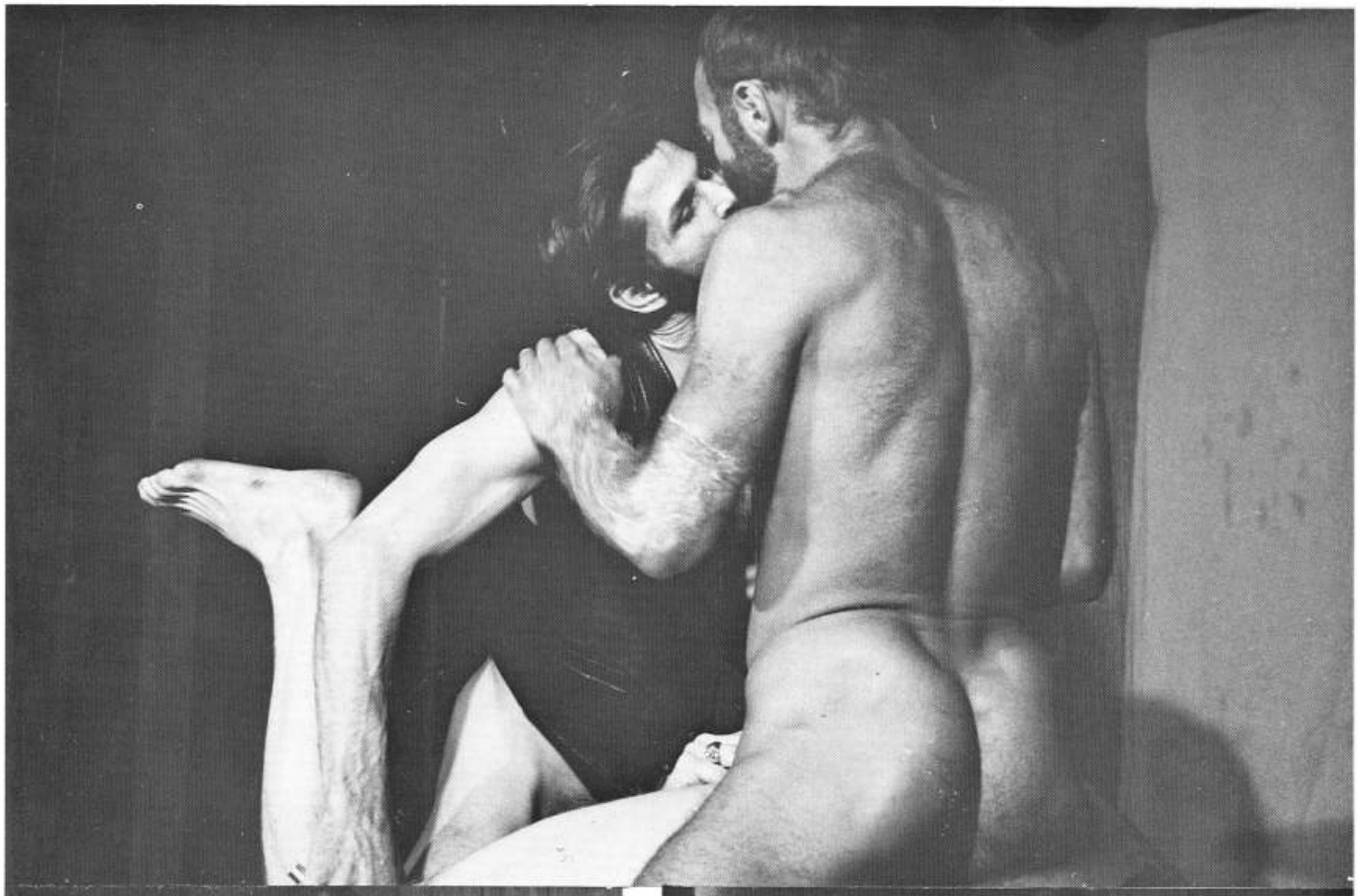
Joby wasn't hurting. Oh, he winced a few times, but Kurt was so careful so certain of what he was doing, he had such a knack of taking complete control of us, almost like he told us when and how to breathe, that the twisting hand and forearm kept up its slow, relentless entry, and my boy was moaning, grasping, panting and even singing a wildly mixed feeling that I was anxious to experience myself.

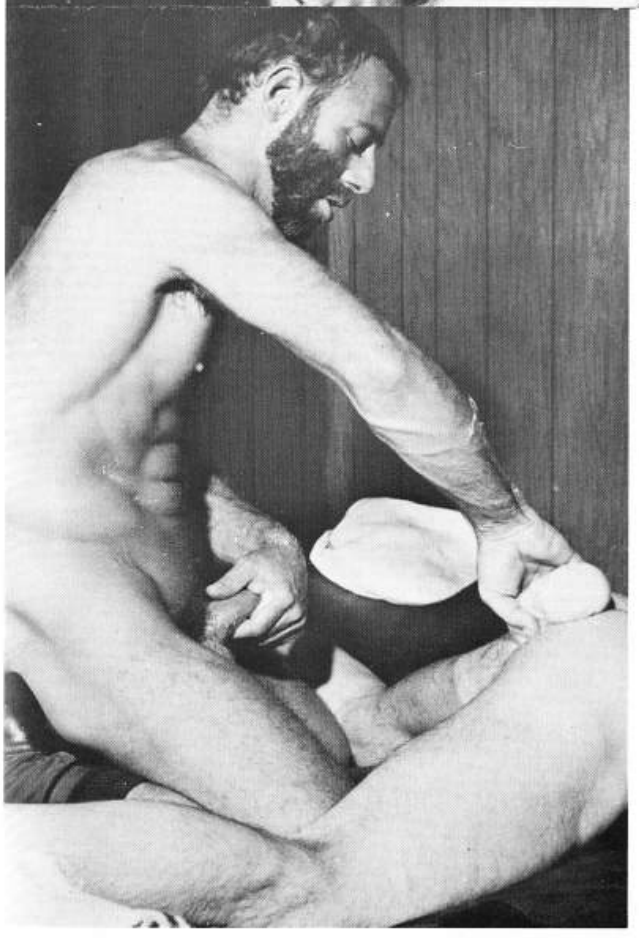
It caught me – but not Joby – by suprise when Kurt withdrew his arm. It came out with a slurp, and I expected to see shit all over it, but it came out as clean – just as the white Crisco – as it'd gone in. I started to apologise in advance in case my own insides were more messy, but Kurt said not to worry, that wasn't any problem anyway, and it wasn't.

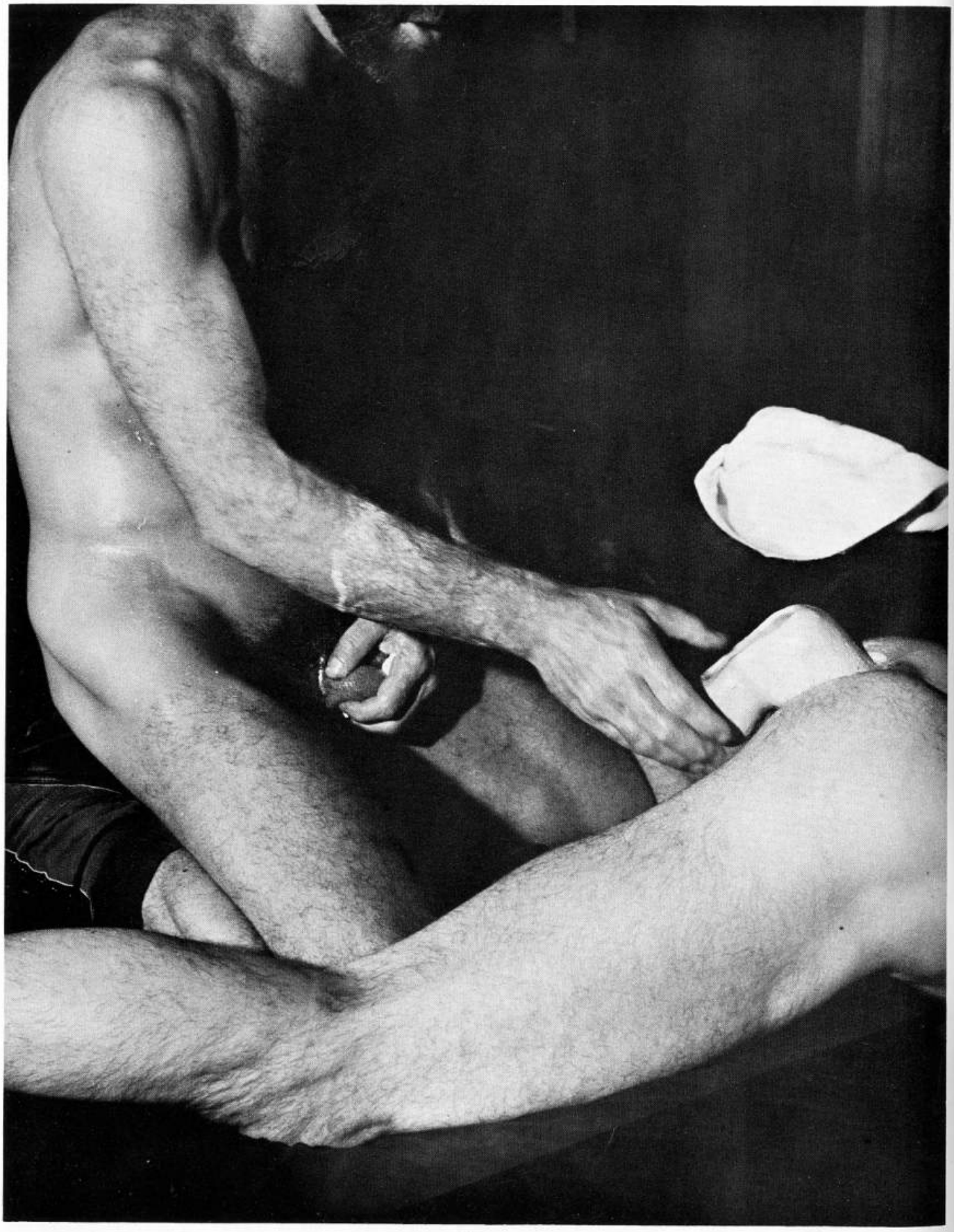
He gave Joby a Hell of a workout, one arm then the other, almost to the elbow, then he fucked Joby with a dildo that was bigger than any I ever thought a human body could take. I tried to get Joby to describe what it felt like, but all he could say was, "Great babe!" Just Wonderful! I feel FULL!" And I felt like I was part of him while it was happening. But mainly I was waiting for my own turn, and it was like waiting for the big event of my life.

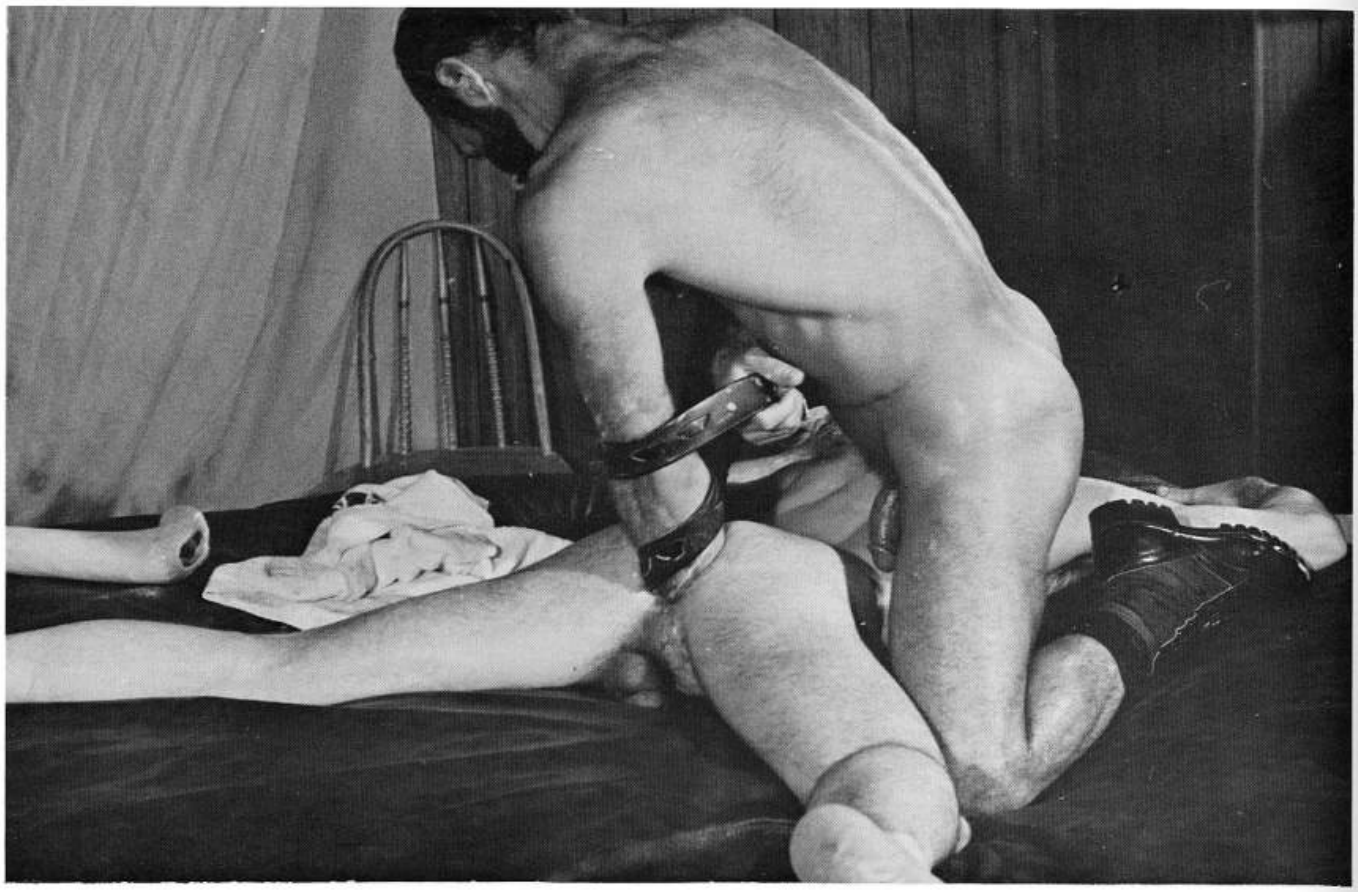
He worked on Joby for hours, but it wasn't like waiting for me, because I was all wrapped up, mind and arms, and legs too, in what was happening. I had Joby rimming my ass part of the time he was getting fist fucked, and there was a lot of kissing and pawing sround all around, all gentle and rough and warm, all masculine and gay at the same time.

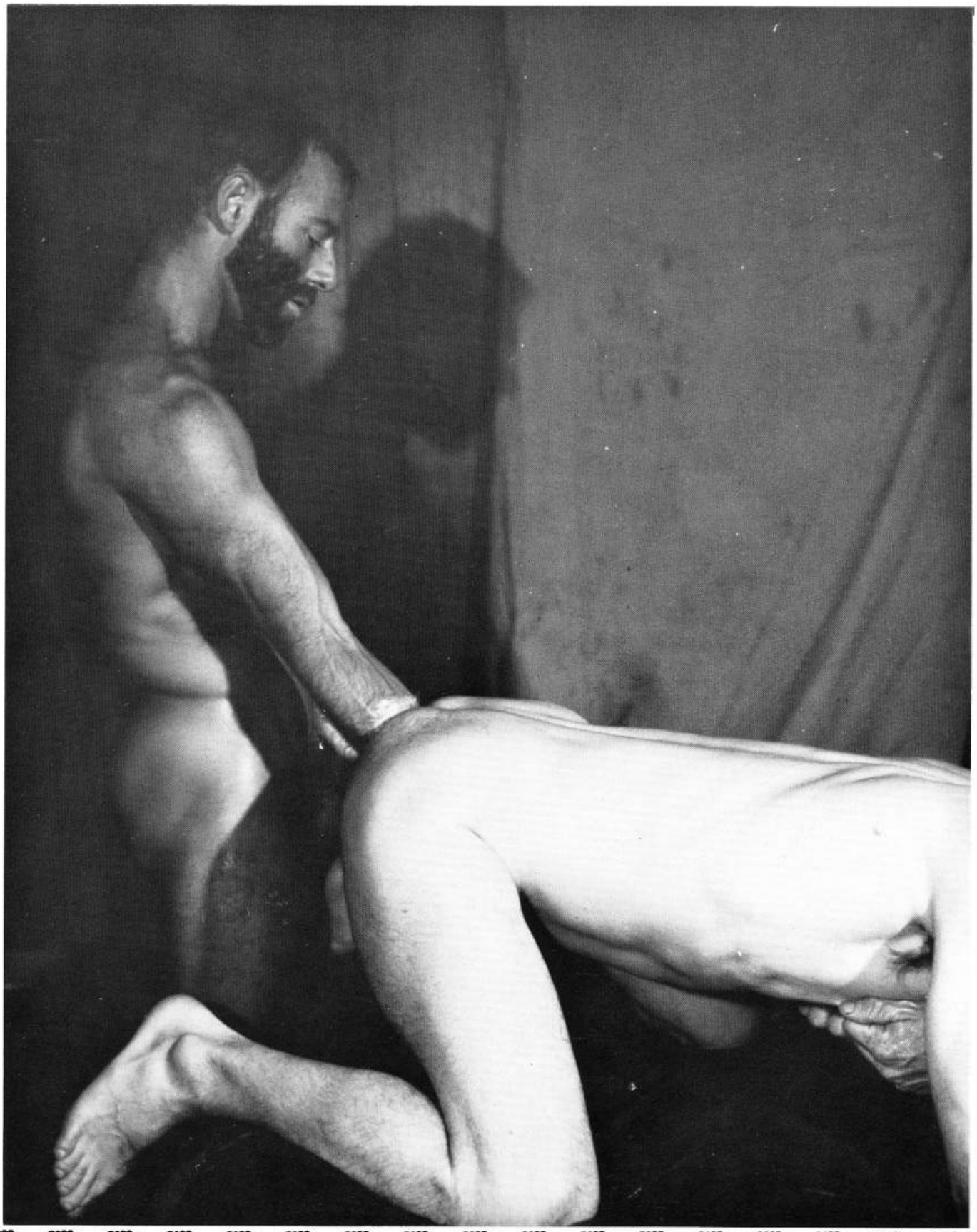


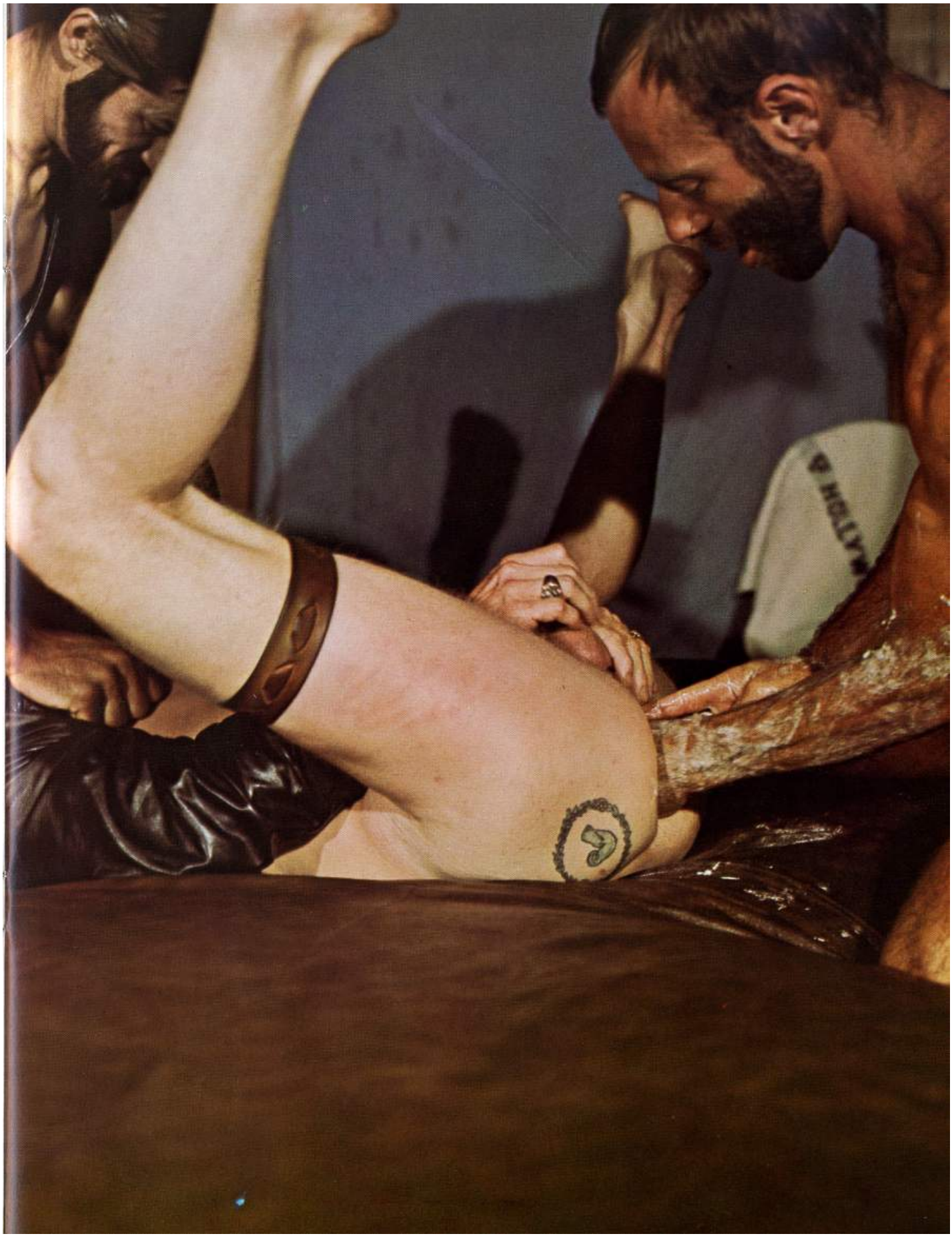


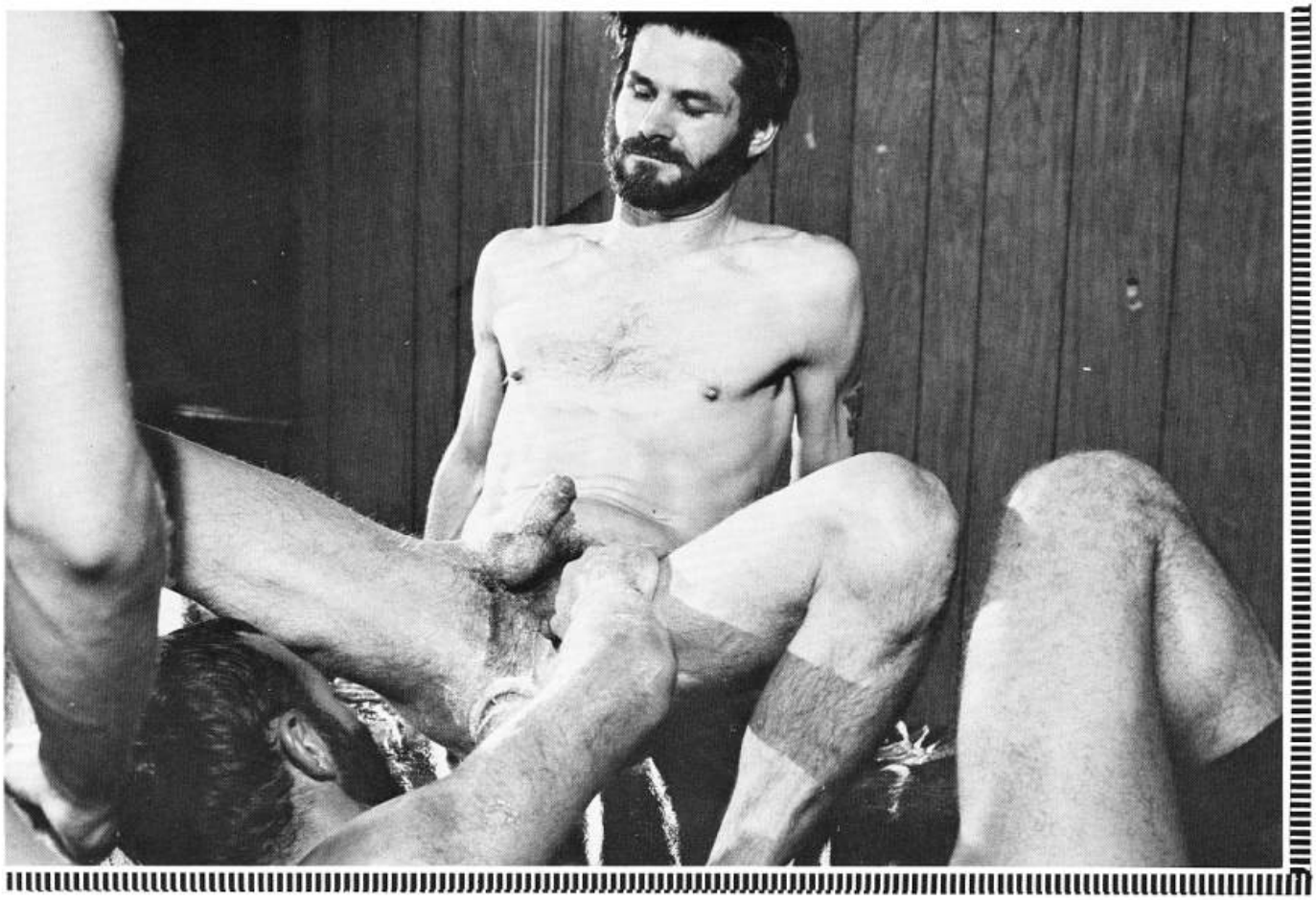


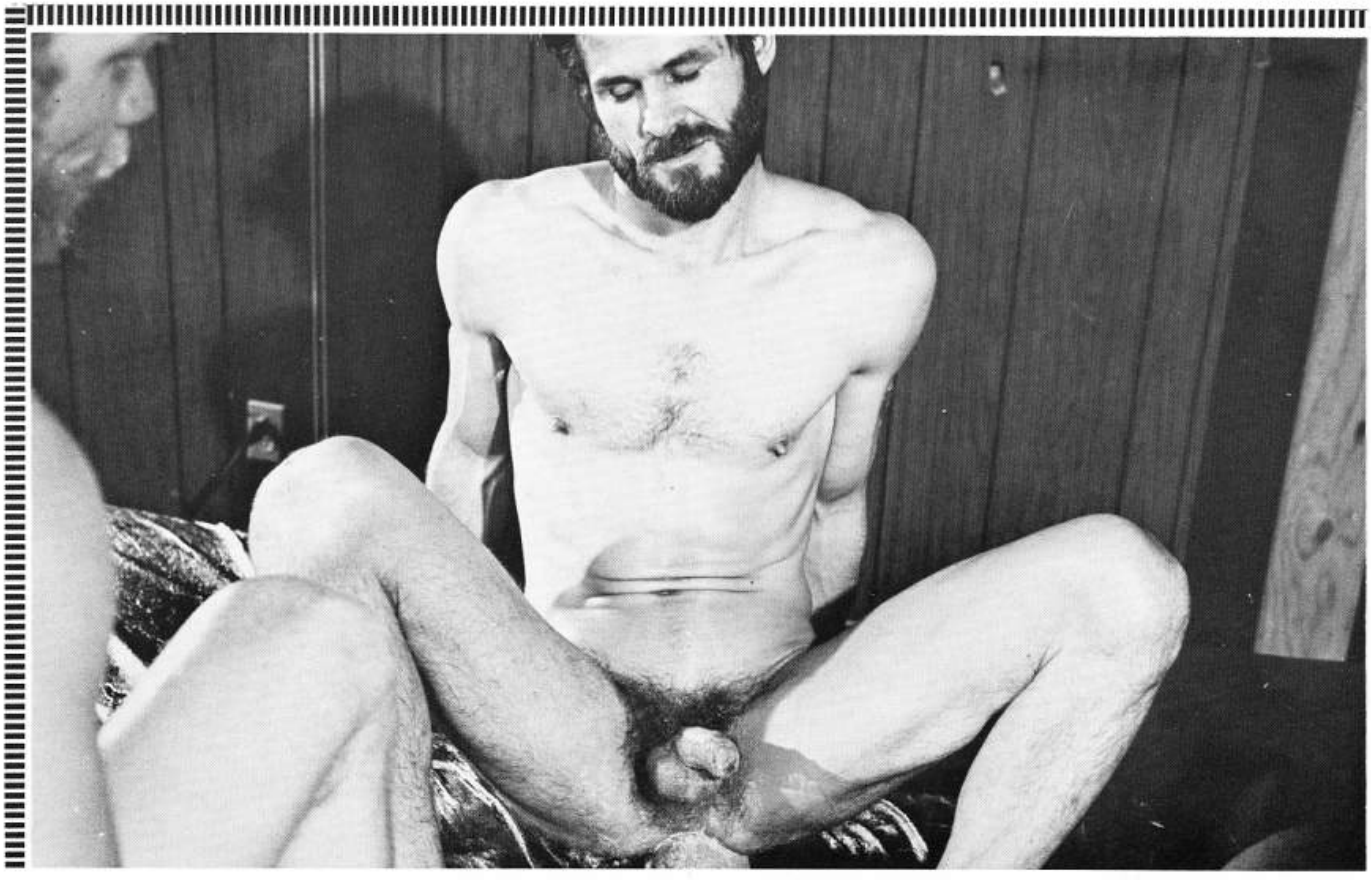


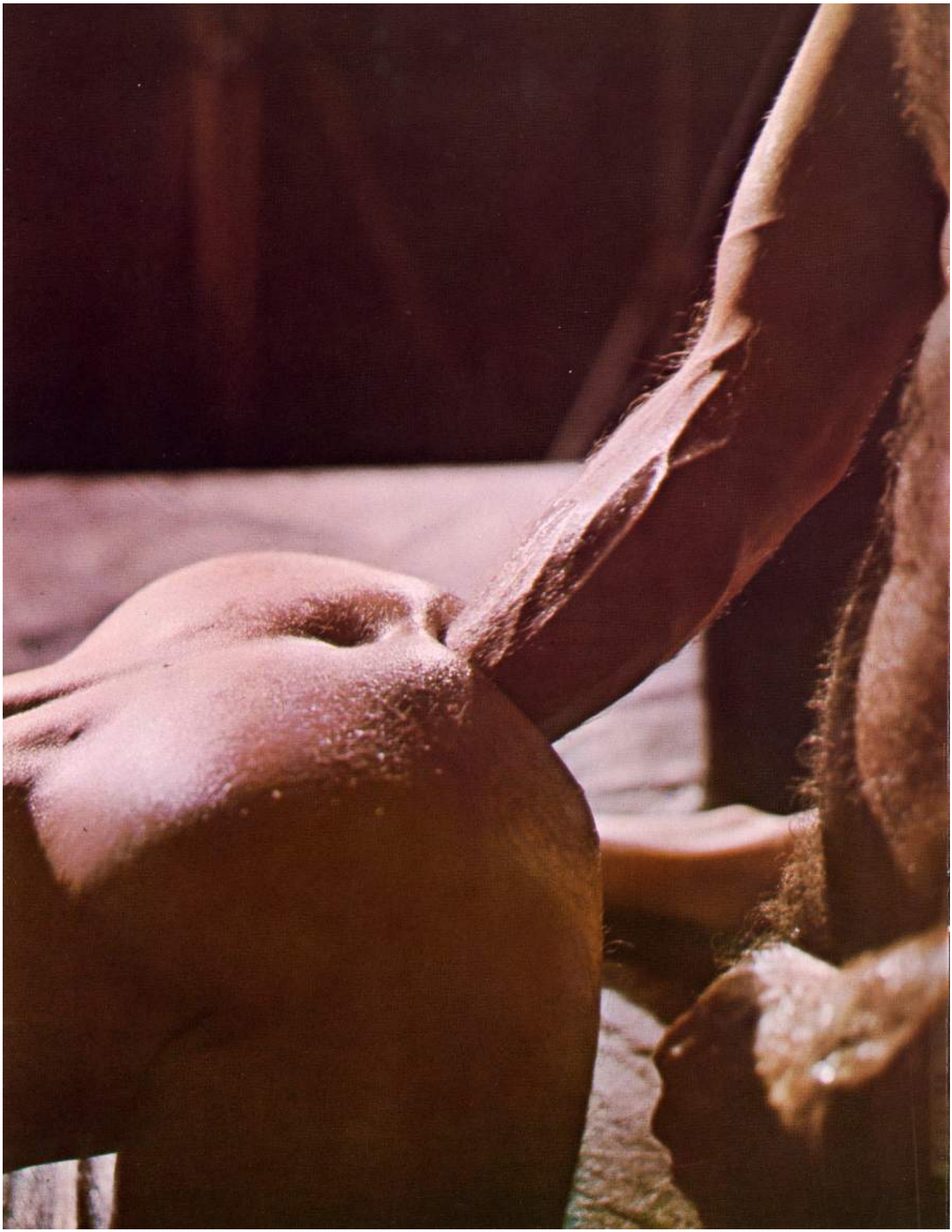


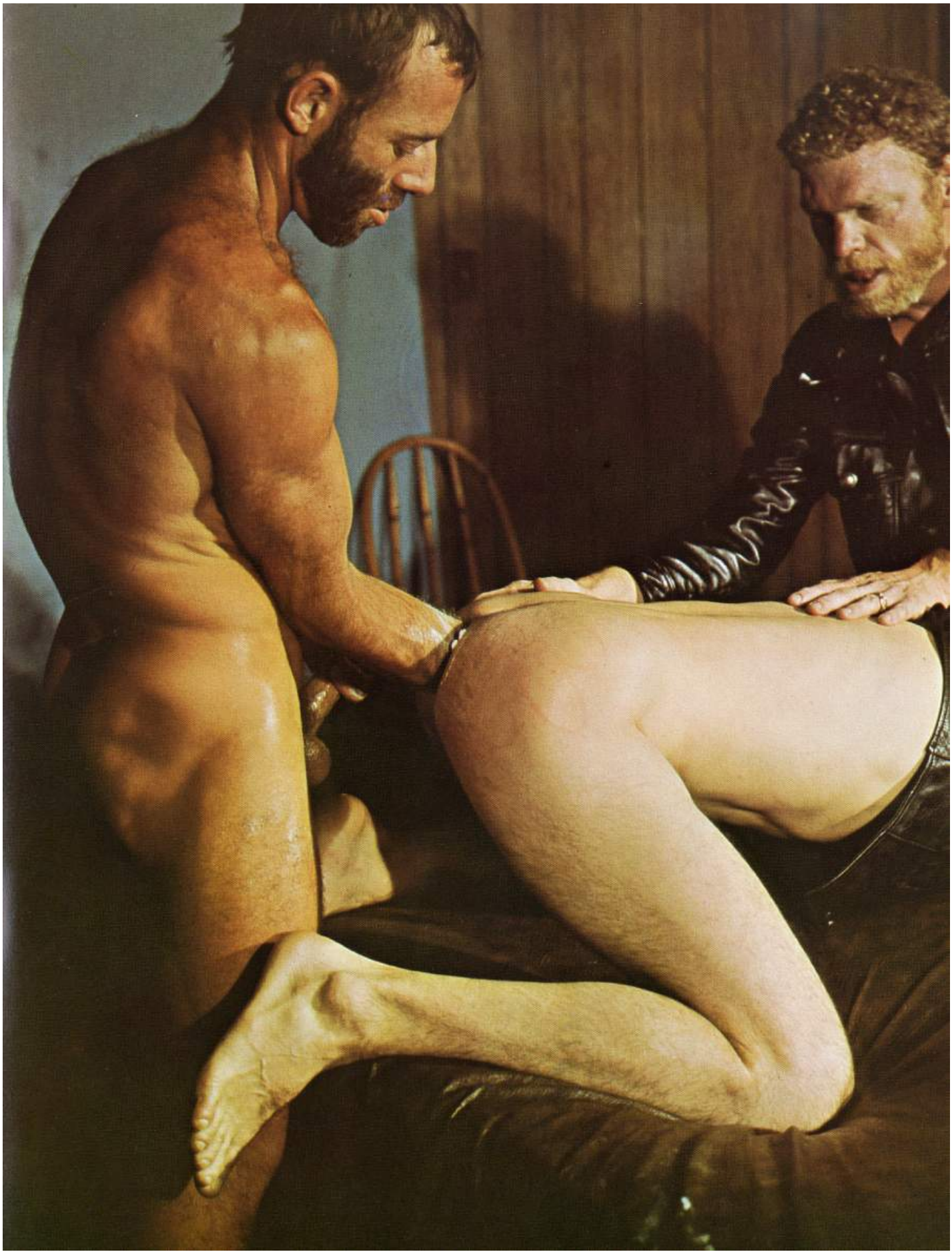






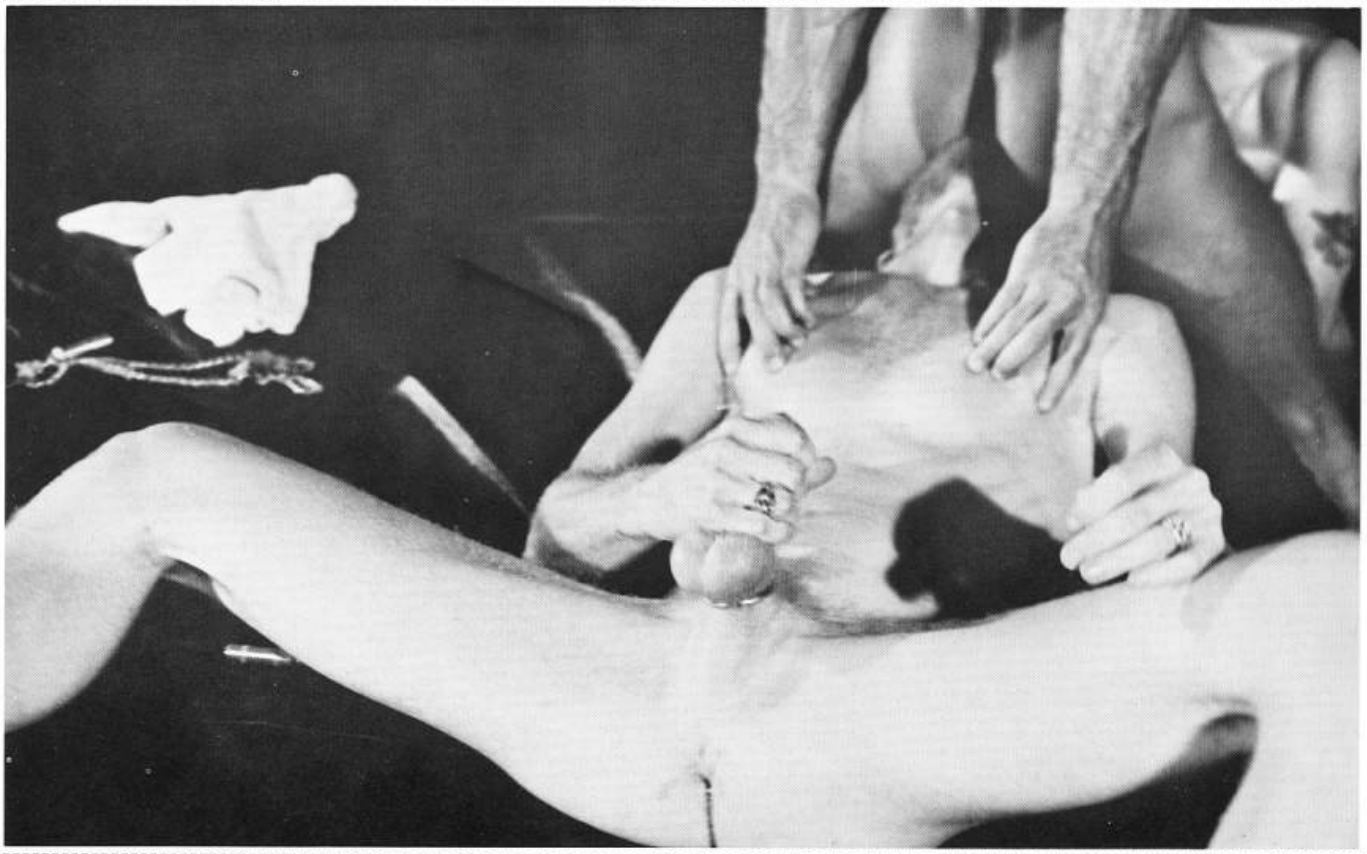






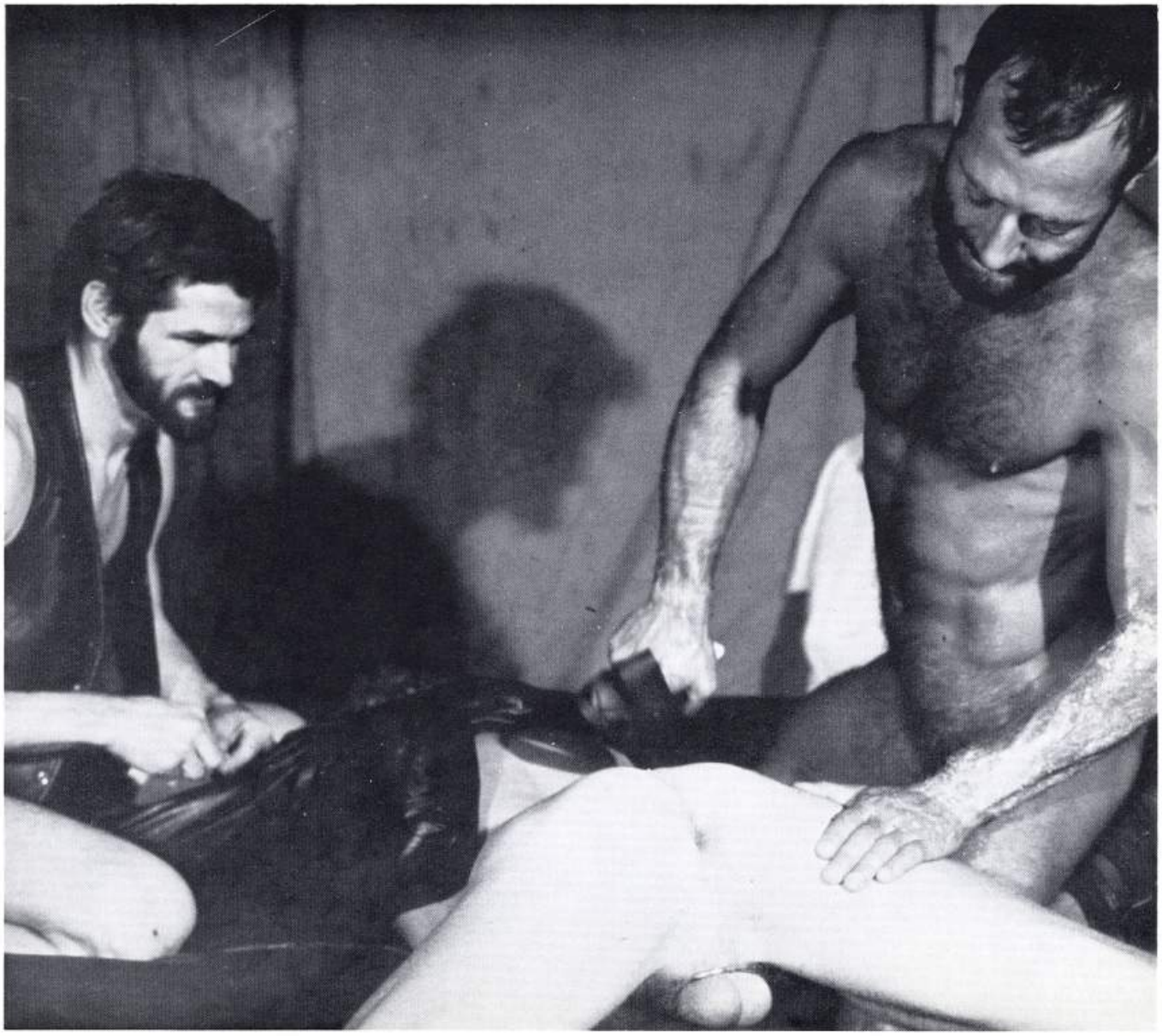
all the things he was doing to my insides by the complex motions of his arms and his hand, the way he was controlling me by his expression, by his face,by his free hand, the feeling of Joby beside me...

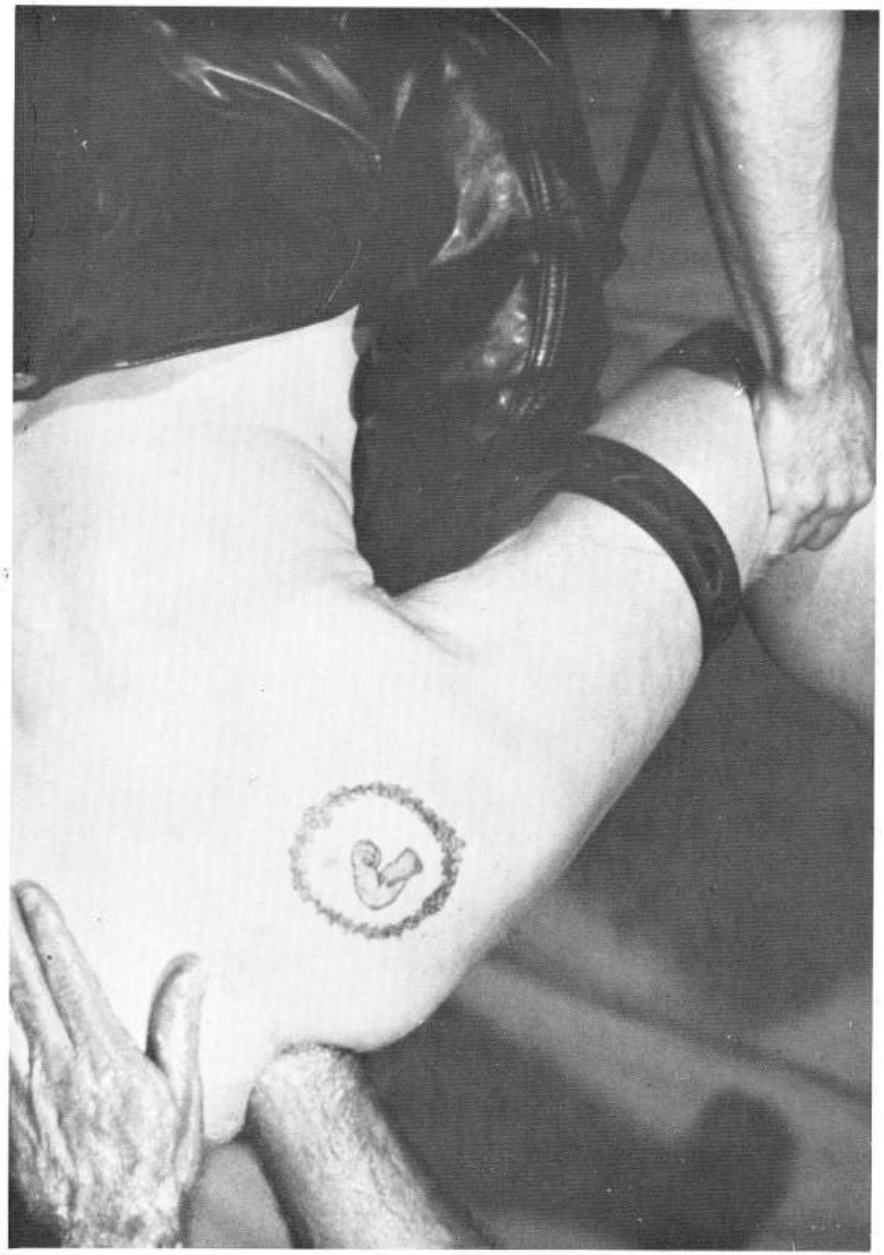
And then – I hardly knew when it happened – Joby slipped under me and Kurt was actually working at us with both arms, one buried to the elbow inside me, the other pistoning slowly into Joby, and it was like all three of us were one big, complex body fucking itself! It was a high I didn't ever want to come down off! How he got that much arm inside of us, me especially, because his elbow never quite disapperared inside Joby, I don't understand, but somehow my insides made room, and he's fist fucked me plenty times since – and so have several other guys – and I don't feel none the worse for wear!!

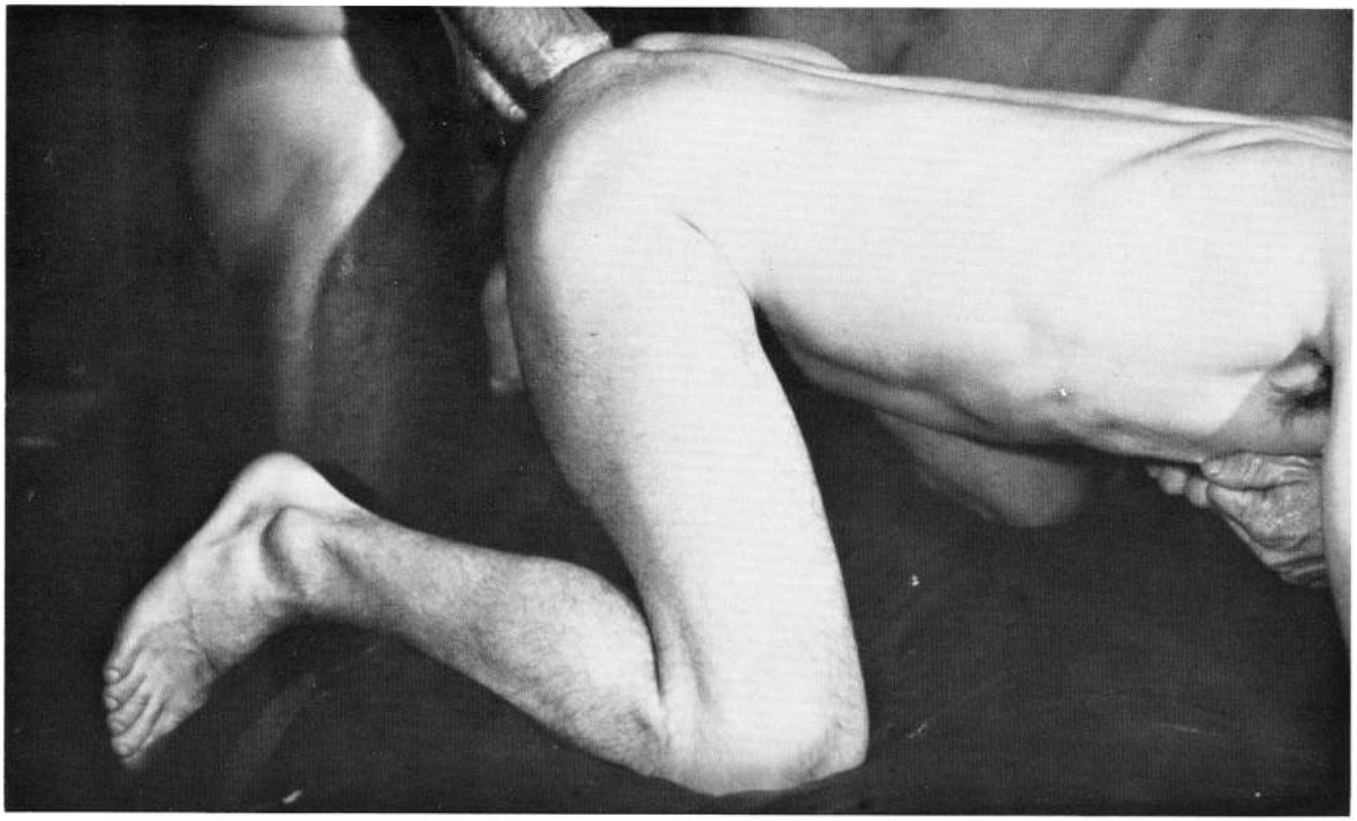


Then I was couched on all fours, my tail twitching, while Joby spread more grease on Kurt's hand, and well up his arm. I got a little tense, and resisted the first prodding finger, pinched hard as I could as the second followed in. It hurt – felt like my anus was getting torn – when all four fingers came in flat out, but then it was smooth, beautiful, like floating in warm water really. I grunted, more in suprise than in pain when the thumb-knuckle slid into me, and his hand fanning around inside my rectum, looking for the first inside sphincter, was like being tickled and satisfied at the same time. I could feel the roughness of his hands, feel the grease, but the tissues inside the body certainly don't feel those things the way the skin does. It was more like sensing them, feeling the shape and size and thrust. I wasn't worrried anymore

My own hands: on his face, on my own cock and balls, all over my belly and his, and Joby's, down between my legs to feel the part of his arm that was still outside me, my fingers measuring as the thick of his forearm disappeared inside me, his elbow, and at least six inches of his upper arm. He was in me right to the swelling of his impressive bicepts, a thick, knotty, beautiful arm, a rough man's arm, filling me, fulfilling me, like nothing ever had before, a crazy wild wonderful mixmaster of feelings, about shit. I was cloud-riding with joy, and when I took the next popper I realized that having a fist up your ass feels about like a popper, only more so. That's about the only way I can describe it.







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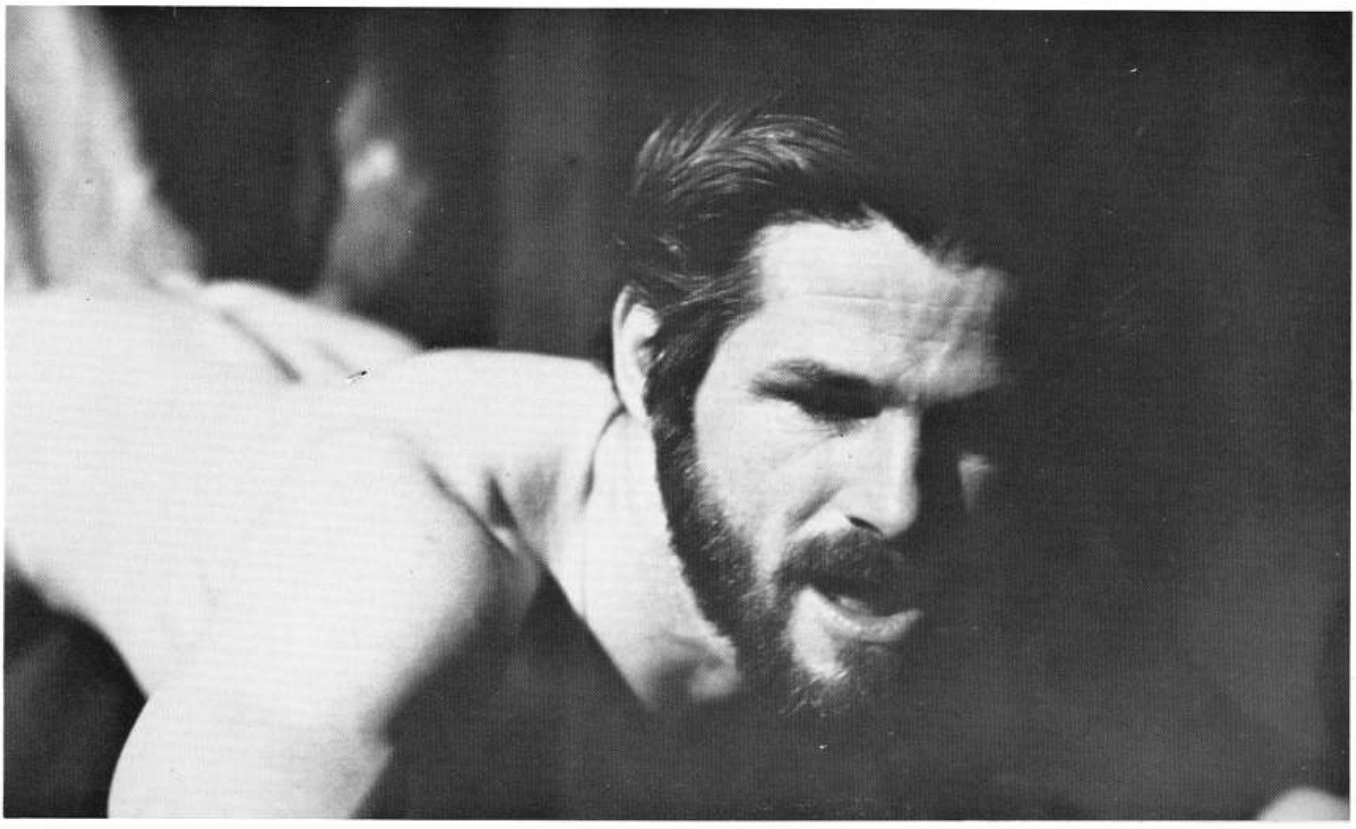

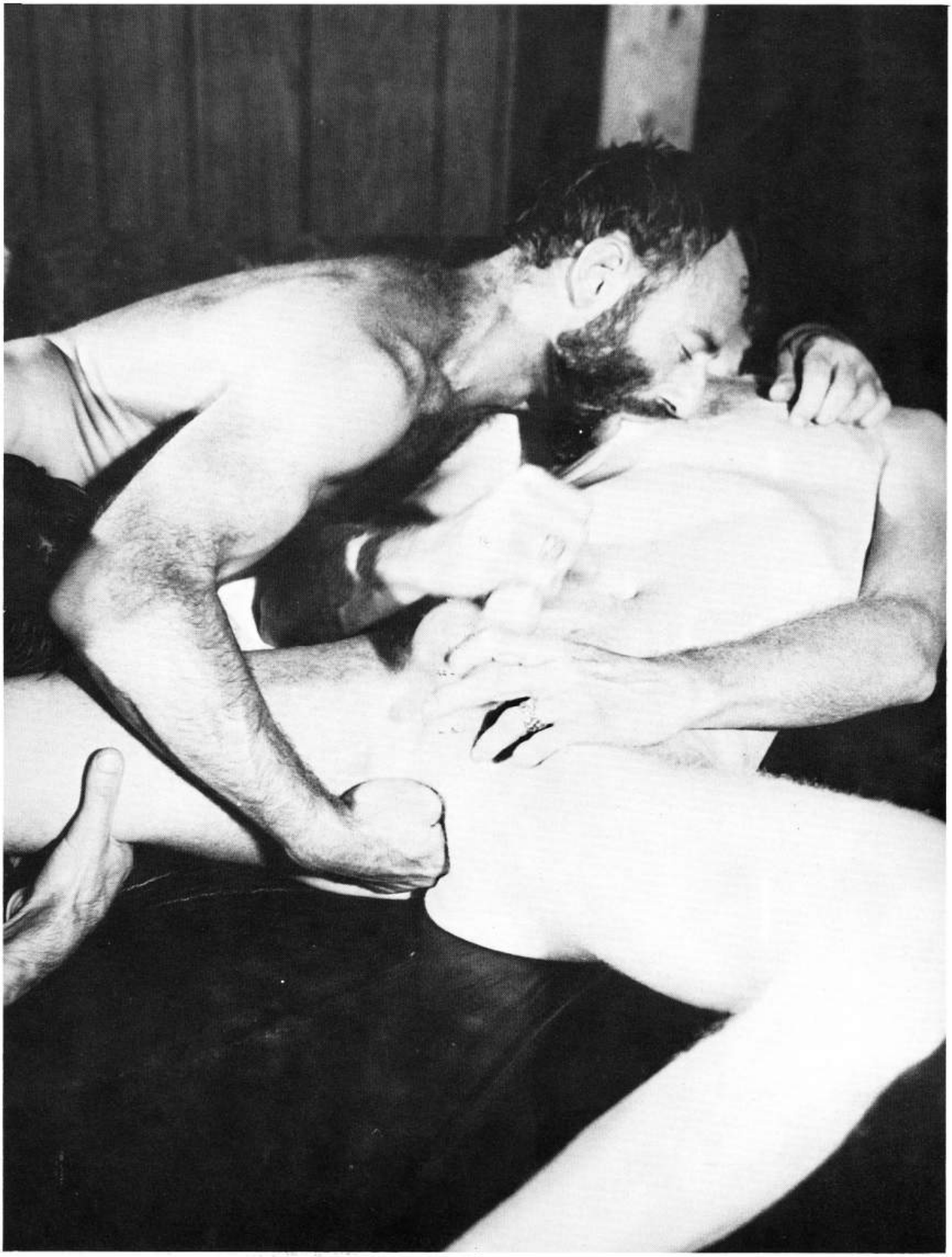

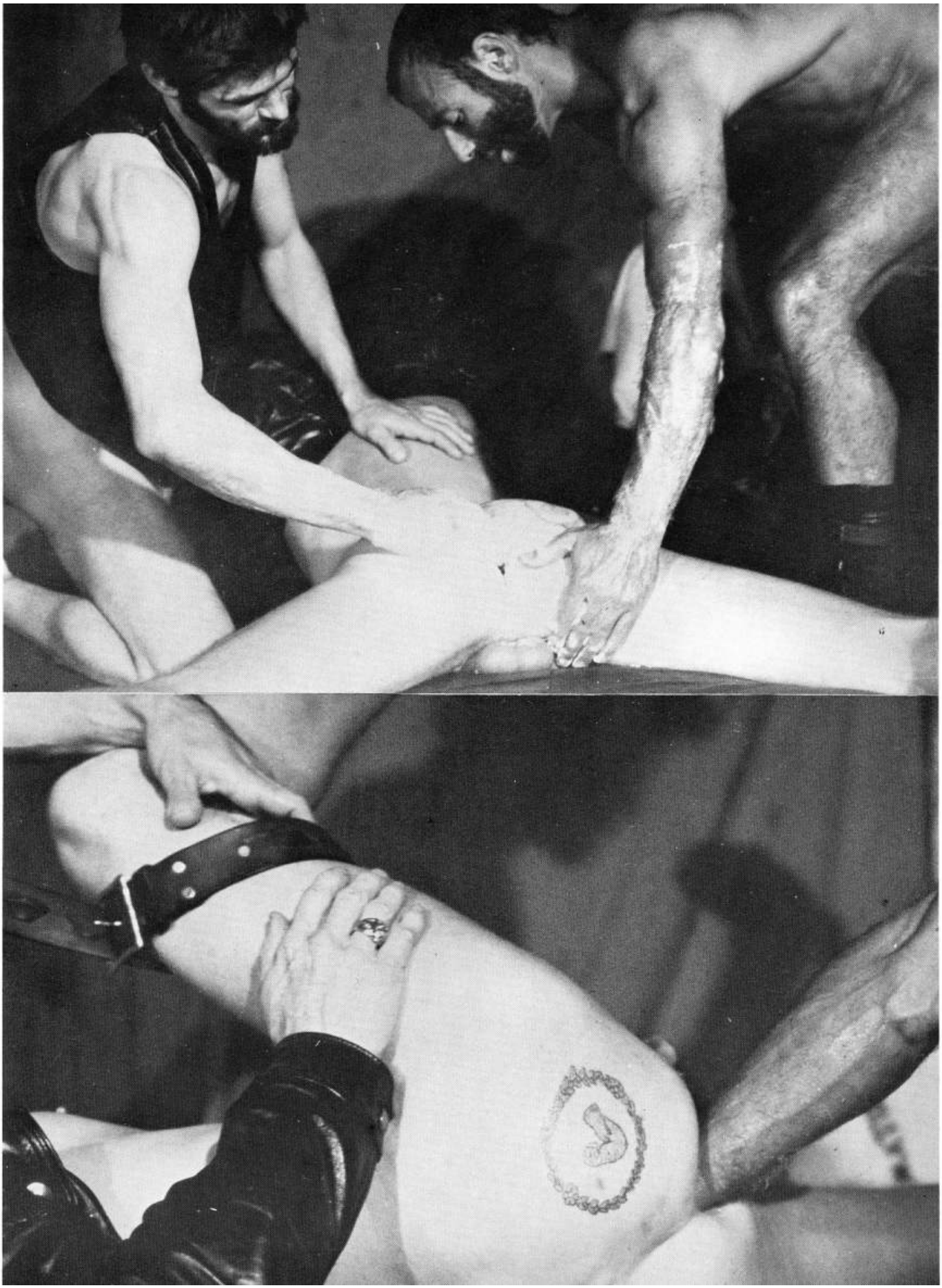

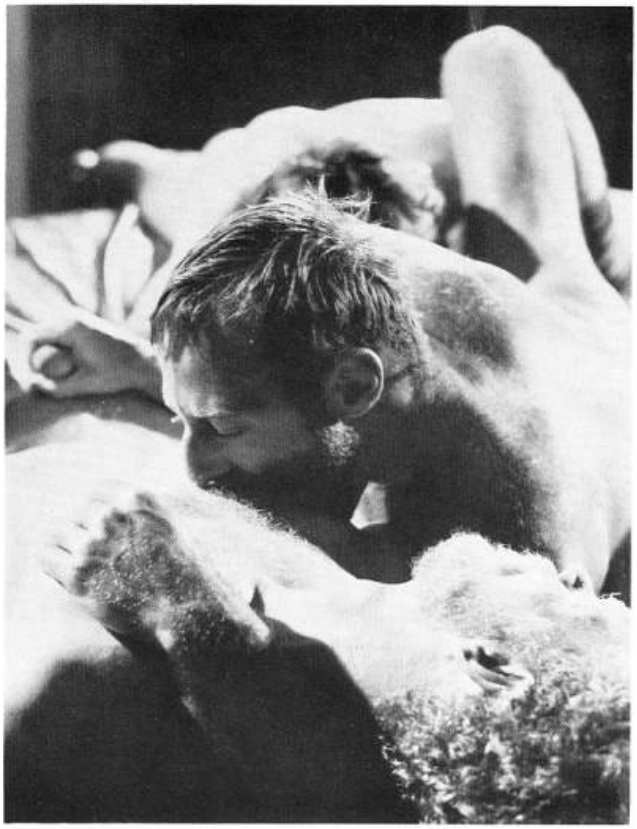

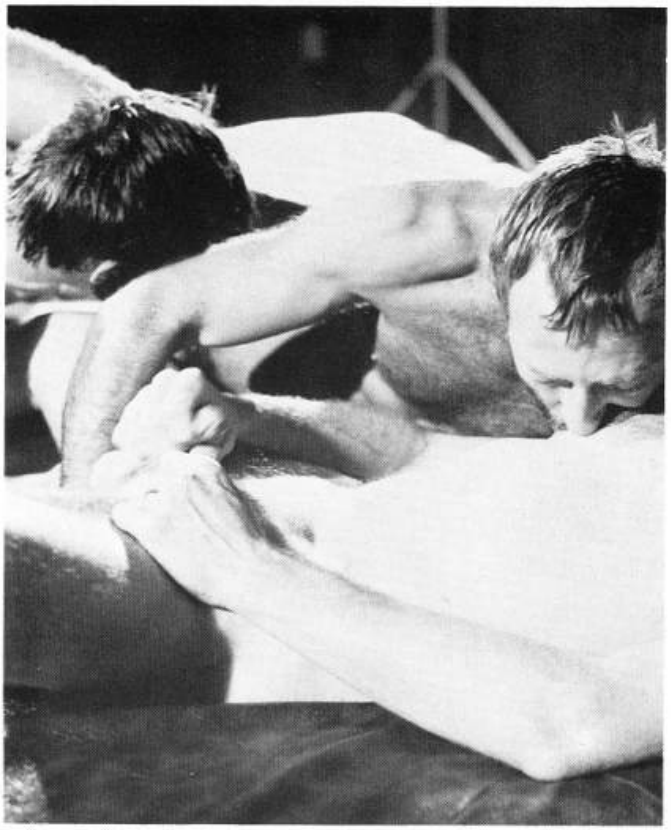

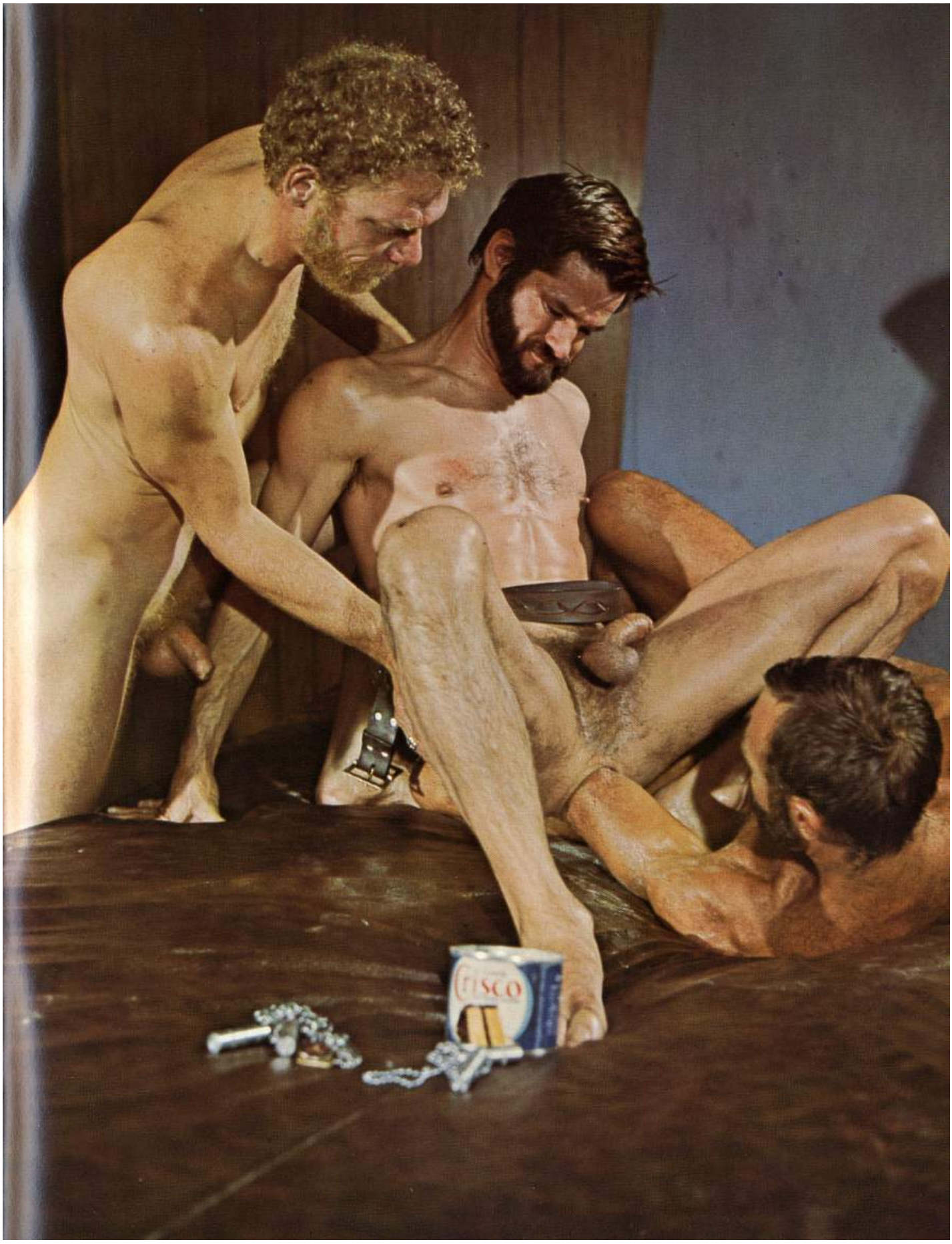
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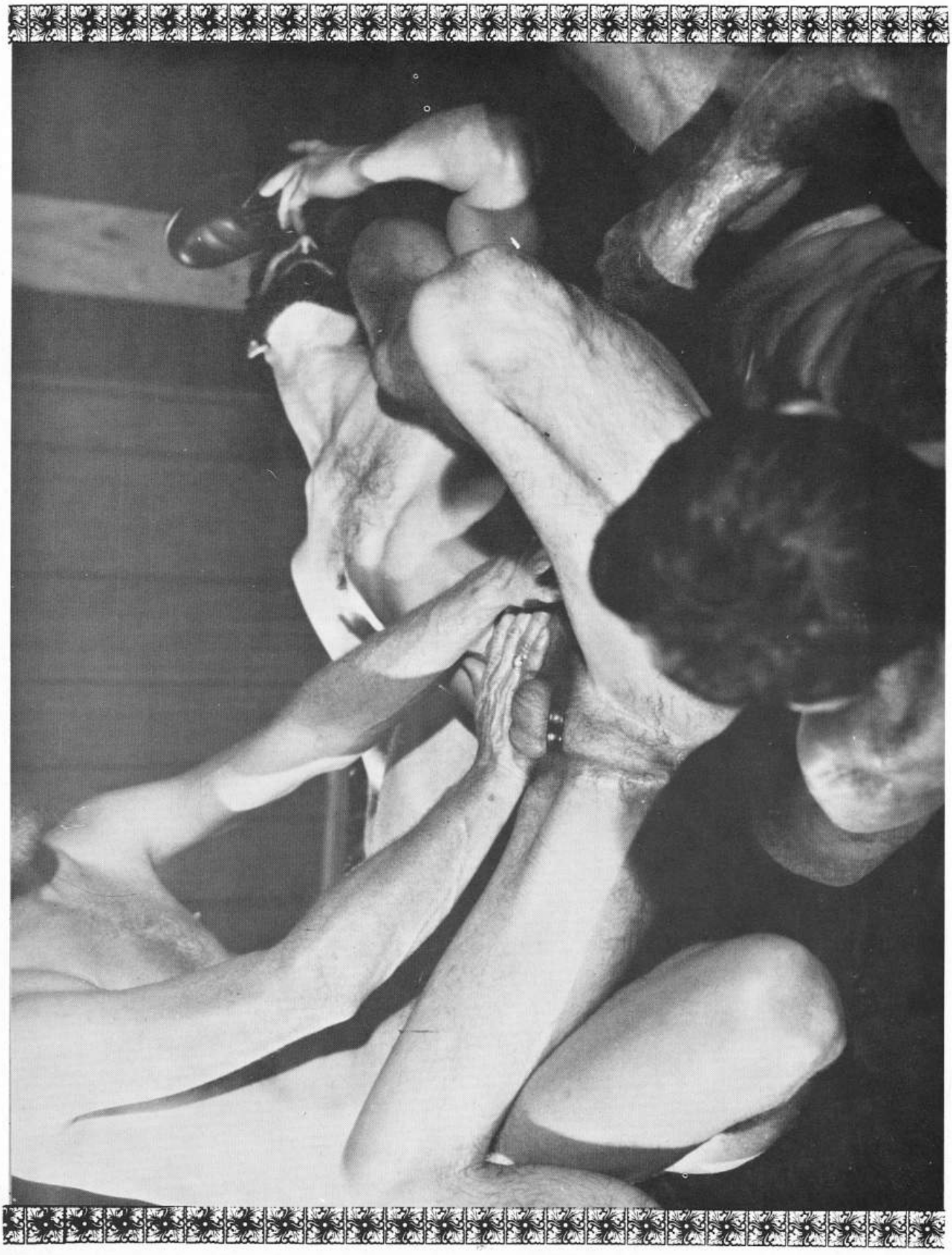

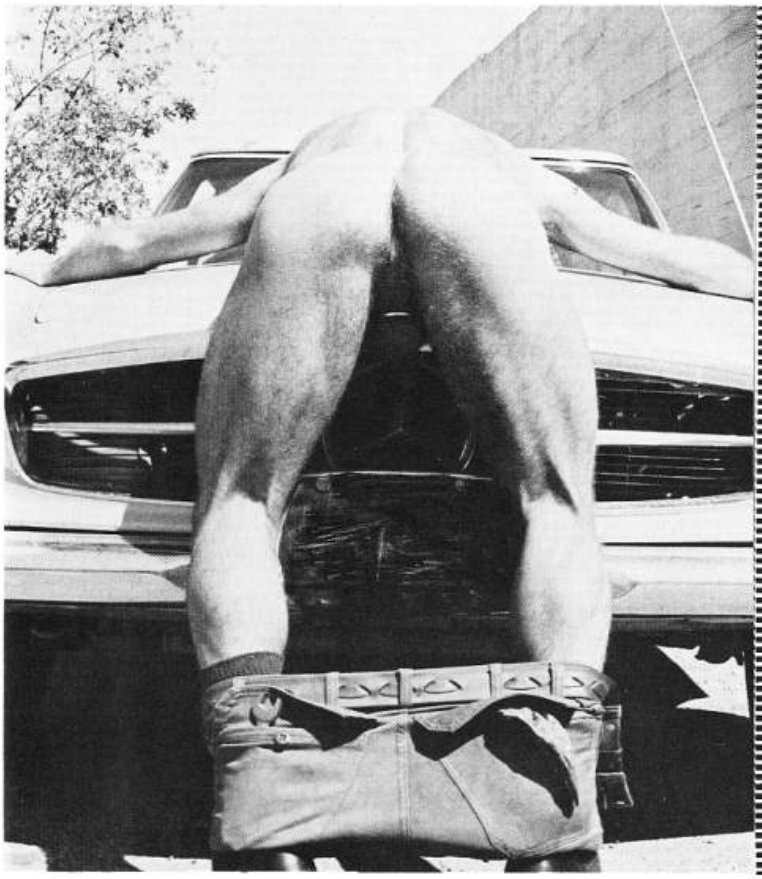

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